THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 8, 1932

The BYSTANDER

VOL. CXIV. No. 1486

SUMMER NUMBER

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The Bystander, June 8, 1932 No. 1486. Vol. CXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

Mrs. Philip Kindersley is the third of the lovely Guinness sisters, daughters of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness. She married Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley's son in 1929 and has a two-year-old boy, Gay, and a baby daughter, Tessa

Bassano

A new portrait of Miss Natalie Sullivan, whose engagement to the Hon. Quintin McGarel Hogg, Lord Hailsham's son and heir, was recently announced. Miss Sullivan is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, of Sheerland House, Pluckley, Kent. Mr. Alan Sullivan is the well-known novelist

Below, Mr. Hogg and his fiancée are seen walking in Park Lane between showers

Engaged

Law and Literature

The Hon. Quintin McGarel Hogg and Miss Natalie Sullivan

The PASSING HOUR:

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Right: Miss Rosemary Villiers, the Hon. Anthony Chaplin, and Miss Bridges at the First of June Ball, held at the Dorchester on Derby Night, a most appropriate evening, as the dance was on behalf of two funds for the protection of horses

Below: A new portrait of the daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, whose marriage to Mr. Anthony Hornby was one of the social events of last autumn

Sasha

Hay Wrightson

The Lady Veronica Hornby

IT being the usual practice to apply for presentation at the First Court after marriage, I prophesy that Lady Charles Cavendish, formerly Miss Adele Astaire, will make her curtsey at Buckingham Palace some time this month. She and her husband are returning from Lismore, where they are now living, to 2, Carlton House Terrace, on Saturday. Their property in Ireland covers four thousand acres and a small town of two thousand inhabitants. It is lovely country, quite unspoilt by civilisation or the depression.

FRED ASTAIRE, who came over from America with Gene Sarazen, the golfer, was one of the first people I saw at the Derby Ball last Tuesday, at Grosvenor House. He was dancing with Lady Plunket. He will be over here for at least a month, and will play in a new show in New York in the autumn. I gather that his sister is tremendously happy at Lismore, and likes the country life.

ALSO at the ball was the Prince of Wales, who was dancing with Miss Amelia Earhart. She was in a very smart grey-blue crêpe dress, with a bunch of artificial black flowers in her corsage, and looked remarkably girlish. How sensible it is of her not to look

Racing at Epsom

A photograph taken on Derby Day of Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who are two of the most popular and pertinacious of the regular racegoers

either boyish or exaggeratedly feminine, as most women pioneers do!

PRINCE GEORGE was another guest at the ball, and danced with Lady Dalkeith. I did not see the infant prodigy, Joe Young, playing his tricks with the new game, Yo-Yo, but readers of this column may recall that this successor to diabolo was first mentioned here, having been brought back to London by Mrs. Robert Henrey after the West Indies cruise of the Arandora Star. The orchestra at the ball was conducted by Mr. Anthony Vivian, who, on Sundays, conducts a social column in one of the weeklies. He will no doubt have seen a lot.

First of June Ball

Above: Mr. Dennis Fitzgerald, Lady Anne Wellesley, Mr. Stanton Starkey, and Miss Minto Weston. Above, right: Miss Jean Follett, with Mr. Angus Menzies and Mr. David Carville, present at the First of June Ball

Sasha

A "First of June" trio: The Hon. Doreen Jessel (right), Mr. George Harwood and Miss Harwood at the Dorchester

THE Duke of Sutherland, covered with medals, must have been observed by him, as well as Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lord Portarlington, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger. His orchestra played a large number of quick one-steps, and the evening went with a swing from start to finish. The Derby Ball and the Queen Charlotte Ball are always the two best charity affairs of the season. It is a pity that the others do not always have the same snap, zest, and smartness.

EARLIER that evening I had been to the Derby dinner at the Ambassadors Club, and once again none of the speakers tipped the winner. It makes one think that they knew less about April the Fifth than they did about the Ukraine. At least Lord Rosebery did not actually tip Miracle. But Sir Austen Chamberlain did, and so did Lord Southborough. People who know little about horses seem as capable of spotting winners as those in the know.

THE Derby, though, is a thing of the past, and it must hurt a lot of people even to read of it. My neighbour at dinner, Dr. Crowley, is an electrical engineer, and had the experience of flying in a Zeppelin in July 1914. Not many people can say that. He told me, too, that it was going to take Sweden at least twenty-five years to recover from the Kreuger affair. Dr. Crowley travels a great deal, and is an extremely observant man.

ANOTHER guest was Sir William Horwood, the former Chief of Scotland Yard. He says that he has lived a care-free life for nearly eighteen months, with no business worries. He must be unique, and it would seem that doing

"Up the Golden Stairs"

Mr. Cecil Beaton, the well-known English photographer, himself "taken" in an original pose when in Hollywood

Sasha

nothing does not bore him at all. I also saw Lord Stonehaven, the youngest peer in the room; Lord Camrose, and the Duke of Marlborough, who made a speech. Lord Queenborough, Miss Dorothy Paget's father, also put in an appearance.

NOT many private parties were given last week. Most of the entertaining was done in the restaurants. On Wednesday night the Café de Paris was crowded. Those American artistes have been popular, but Marion Harris, after her début in *Jack Pot*, has now returned. She and the Café de Paris have, as her song says, "come back together again."

MRS. PETER HORLICK was at the Café that night. She has always taken her spectacles with her. Since the film version of *Lily Christine* it has become quite a fashion to wear spectacles. Corinne Griffith showed that you could do it without looking frumpish. The oculists of this country ought to give her a pair of gold lorgnettes in gratitude.

QUAGLINO'S was full all last week, I hear. The evening I was there Lady Patricia Moore was at the next table to me.

The Lure of the Derby

The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson, with the Hon. Archibald Cubitt

Count and Countess Paul Munster "among those present"

More Notable Personalities Who Saw the Derby Run

Discussing the chances. Mr. Marsh, Mrs. Dennis, and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson

Lord Astor walking with Miss Amelia Earhart, the famous aviator

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster in the paddock before the big event

Mr. Billy Gardner was there too. He is going to have his night club at Pourville decorated to represent a jungle, and he expects any number of English visitors.

CIRO'S, I gather, is not altogether satisfied with its transformation into the Boîte aux Matelots. So do not be surprised if it changes back to its former décor in the course of the next month. In the last few days the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince George, as well as the Carisbrookes, have visited it, and they all enjoyed Phares, the French singer. But the present décor seems to be a little too garish for the taste of the average member of the club.

I HAVE not yet sailed in Clifford Whitley's Show Boat. But I was one of the three hundred guests who felt that they had been rather fooled on the first day. For the Show Boat did not give a show at all. It stayed firmly by Westminster Bridge, the reason given being that most of the passengers had to go off early to the Carnera fight or to the Opera. I think this might have been thought of earlier. Lady Diana Cooper and some others placated their disappointment by hiring water-taxis instead.

THE Show Boat is a pretty vessel, all the same, though I think that if four stout peers I could name were all dancing simultaneously on the same floor, there would not be much room for the hoi polloi. I imagine that Clifford Whitley will realise the importance of limiting strictly the number of visitors, and as the boat makes three or four trips daily this ought to be quite possible.

MOST of the parlour tricks of our notables are well known, such as that of Maurice Baring, who balances

Following the Final

Mrs. G. H. Todd and Miss Zara Deuchar following the final of the Men's Open Amateur Golf Championship at Muirfield

Miss Peggy Pope

Eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Maurice Pope, of Ashwicke Hall, Chippenham, is engaged to Mr. Gerald Cardiff, Scots Guards, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield Cardiff, of Easton Court, Ludlow, Shropshire

A Melton Mowbray Winner

Lady May Ainsworth with her hunter, Sir Francis, with which she lately won a First at the Melton Mowbray Polo Club Show

A Double Engagement

Miss Verena Henderson, who is engaged to Mr. Dennis Russell, and Miss Pamela Henderson, engaged to Lieut. St. John Tyrwhitt, R.N. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, of Cadogan Place

"Old

The "Show Boat" made its maiden Nash's Club commandeered the entire above are: Miss Esmé Toomey, Mr. Hinmers,

On a Paris Balcony

Miss Sheilah and Miss Eileen Hennessey, Sir George Hennessey's attractive nieces, photographed on the balcony of their Neuilly flat which is decorated in a very latest modern style

"EDDIE" TATHAM writes a Hand-across-the-Sea Letter to a visitor from Kansas City on pages 464 and 465.

THE DANCE LIST—are you on it? See pages 462 and viii.

a wine-glass on his head. But I had not heard until this week that Sir Edward Mountain is such a good thought-reader that you can hide nothing from him.

A GUEST of Sir Edward's last week-end was telling me that he had a match-box in his sock, and within a minute his host had discovered it, although the bulge was completely concealed by the trouser-leg. He furnished other equally dazzling examples of his telepathic powers.

The Lady Anne Hope

A new portrait of the débutante daughter of the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who was presented at one of the May Courts

Above: Mrs. John Drury-Lowe "obliges" the photographer when leaving the Ritz Hotel

Man River"

voyage down the Thames last week, when vessel for the evening. Included in the group John Bray, Miss Desirée Wheeler, Mr. Leslie and Miss Joan Hickley

Right: Lord and Lady Hindlip photographed at Windsor Races

Mrs. Brian Guinness and Mr. Randolph Churchill

A Gallop

By "Regular"

A PARADISE for men, a Hell on earth for women—that 's Epsom. In the sanctity of the Members' private stand we bask in our new-found freedom.

HENPECKED husbands and diligent "Deb's delights" adopt a carefree expression, utterly foreign to that anxious look so characteristic of them in everyday life.

A BAR at almost every turn, no need to lower your voice when telling your favourite story, a good stand to watch the races from, safe in the knowledge that you will not be asked to put half-a-crown each way on that pretty grey horse with the nice tail. What more could any man want?

THERE is, too, a paddock far away, and in its distance from the stands lies its chief charm. It 's so far away that nobody in their senses could expect you to go to it. I have the Nomadic instinct developed to a very advanced degree, but there are limits.

IF your "lovely" has a ticket for a box, take her to Epsom, by all means. She won't be able to bother you, and she 'll be as happy as the day 's long up there, with two "goes" of lobster, three plates of strawberries, and half-a-dozen women she dislikes intensely, but always addresses as "darling."

Lord Feversham and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, on their way back from the Paddock, pursued by the inevitable tout

IF someone has "socked" her a stall, she might care to go *one* day, though she will get pretty fed-up sitting all by herself. If, on the other hand, it 's a case of taking her to Tattersall's—DON'T. The number of broken romances, due to enthusiastic young men expecting her to enjoy being trodden on by bookmakers' runners, rivals the number of fashionable divorces.

THE loveliest of all the "lovelies" did me the honour of asking me to take her to the Derby; but though, as she knows, I would walk all the way from Epsom to Ascot on my bare feet to be with her for one brief moment, yet I refused to take her to Tattersall's.

BEFORE dealing any further with Epsom, I must tell you I spent a most enjoyable day at Windsor, where all the "Regulars" seemed to have gathered together in the hope of "getting a bit" to take to Epsom, and quite a few Irregulars as well. (To avoid any possible mistake, the word "bit" refers to a sum of money.)

THE day was made more enjoyable for a number of us by the victory of H.H. the Maharajah of Rajpipla's Gala Parade. His Highness's hospitality is world famous, and after his victory the popping of the champagne corks was almost as loud as Lord Northesk's overcoat.

THIS astounding garment I had always attributed to Epstein in one of his sourest moods, but his Lordship gracefully informed me that he had purchased it off the peg.

EPSOM opened in a blaze of sunshine, and top-hats and morning coats were something of a burden in the unaccustomed heat; so much so that more than one old gentleman appeared bordering on apoplexy before the end of the day.

LOOKING over the assembly in the Stand, I was struck by the incredible garments which pass for morning dress at Epsom. At Ascot, of course, you 've got to be spick and span, but it doesn't appear to matter two hoots what you wear at Epsom, provided the outfit is crowned with a top-hat.

Left: Lady Zia Wernher and Sir Harold Wernher

ANOTHER thing that struck me was the scarcity of young men in the Stand. The Duke of Norfolk, Sir Richard Sykes, Mr. Reggie Sheffield, and Lord Brougham are about the youngest I met. Sir Richard was busy "Orwelling" when I saw him on the rails. A very unprofitable transaction, I 'm afraid.

VERY few women go all four days to Epsom, and all except the most hardened Regulars gave the Tuesday a miss. In the stalls, though, I saw four of the best-looking "Regulars" in Mrs. "Boy" Wilson and Mrs. Pat Dennis, sitting together deeply engrossed in the "form" book; Mrs. Ralph Raphael, beaming with delight at having backed Lord Nugent at 100 to 8; and Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, whose husband, the popular Wilfred, was making his first appearance on a race-course since his serious illness.

COLONEL EGERTON was in great form, and he confided to me that he was busy on an invention which would prevent his shirts getting worn out by those high collars he wears.

In an ascending fiancé, Mr.

Round Epsom

Personalities pictured in print and snapshots enjoying Epsom on Derby Day

Above: Sir Richard Sykes, with the Hon. Ann Wood and Mrs. Bulteel

Mrs. Guinness, Lady Milbanke, and Lady Stanley in the paddock at Epsom on Derby Day, evidently believing that the rain will hold off and completely unprepared for April 5th weather

scale at Epsom. Lady Brougham and Vaux, Miss Peggy Pope, and her Gerald Cardiff, who is in the Scots Guards, and Lord Brougham and Vaux

SIR HAROLD and Lady Zia Wernher were there, of course, to see dear old Brown Jack perform. The old fellow ran one of the greatest and gamest races of his career, but he found the task of giving away three stone and four years to Lord Nugent just beyond him. I have never seen the crowd cheer a beaten horse before, but they cheered Brown Jack. Lord Nugent is trained for the Marquis de San Miguel by that grand sportsman "Rattle" Barrett. Everyone was tickled to death to see "Rattle" win such an important race, but we wish he hadn't beaten Brown Jack.

THE Derby took my breath away. The Derby usually does take my breath away, but not to the extent it did last Wednesday. April the Fifth's marvellous spurt in the last hundred yards was the most sensational performance I have ever seen. A great horse, trained and owned by a great sportsman. How the crowd cheered! I was present when Tom Walls grasped him by the bridle and led him in, and I added my humble pat to his steaming neck as he was being unsaddled. My impressions of this momentous occasion are still rather jumbled up, but the memory of Tom Walls leading in his Derby winner will remain with me always. It takes a good deal to affect us hardened "Regulars," but, believe me, I got a lump in my throat after the Derby of 1932.

TO return to the social side. I have never seen so many lovely women at the Derby. Pride of place I give to Mrs. Drury-Lowe, but there were lots of others. Lady Brougham and Vaux, despite tinted glasses, looked very O.K. So, too, did Miss Pope, who is marrying Mr. Gerald Cardiff next month. So, too, did Lady Bridgett Poulett, accompanied by that charming but very serious-minded young brother of hers, who doesn't look as if he likes racing a bit; while Lady Carnarvon, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, and Lady Jardine helped to decorate the proceedings. I was also very glad to see Mrs. Gerald Wellesley on a race-course once again. Her absence latterly has robbed us of one of our most attractive "Regulars."

THERE were doubtless masses of others, accompanied by ravishing young men, but Epsom is the worst place in the world for seeing anyone, and I consider myself extremely fortunate that I caught a glimpse of so many "lovelies" as I did.

Claude Harris

Lord and Lady Weymouth's Son and Heir

A St. Martin-in-the-Fields Christening

Above: Lady Weymouth and her baby son, who was christened last week at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and whose names are Alexander George Thynne. On the right is a photograph, taken at the christening, of Lord and Lady Weymouth and Mr. Herbert Duggan, a godparent, the others being Lord Stanley, Viscount Castlerosse, Mrs. Richard Norton, Mrs. James Corrigan, and Mrs. Loel Guinness. Lady Weymouth was the Hon. Daphne Vivian

Hors d'Oeuvres

By

"Caviare"

A picture of Miss Gladys Sammut, taken on the tennis-court in Grosvenor Square. Miss Sammut, who worked for some time in Nelly Taylor's flower shop, is paying a visit to Cannes with her mother

IT is extraordinary how long a fashion, even a freak one, will continue to hold court. Lady Delamere has only just adopted a platinum streak in her hair, a vogue of last year, when it was sponsored by Miss Gertrude Lawrence. A deb. of this season, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, is windswept, a rapidly decreasing fashion. Lady Sybil Lygon has turned her wisps into tiny curls, which is very becoming.

SHALL we ever be able to wear our spring clothes? I saw Mrs. Tom Mills shopping in a lovely pale-blue coat and skirt, made of cotton lace. Miss Molly Wingfield was wearing the same colour, only in a warm cloth. Mrs. Carl Bendix was in a flowered crêpe-de-Chine; but Lady Diana Gibb wore a fur coat!

Another lawn-tennis enthusiast is Miss Joan Farrer, Lord Redesdale's débutante niece. She has the same fair Nordic beauty as have her cousins, Mrs. Bryan Guinness and Miss Unity Mitford

Mrs. Holloway, who is a great friend of Lady Ashley's, is one of the smartest of the young married set. She is seen here in her green drawing-room, wearing a red and white dress, which, with the red tulips and white lilies, makes the perfect colour-scheme

CONGRATULATIONS, of course, to our favourite, John de Forest, on winning the Golf Amateur Championship. He returned to us from bonny Scotland the colour of a ripe tomato after the wind, rain (and sun?) on the course. John is a very attractive young man, with a series of most unusual parlour tricks.

LADY LONDONDERRY has a magnificent collection of turquoises which she has been wearing lately, generally with a rose-pink dress. The colours are a little startling together. I should prefer the jewels with one of her usual white frocks. Mrs. Leslie Gamage has a turquoise necklace of a somewhat modern design; and Lady Eyres Monsell was wearing a charming one the other night, set with small diamonds.

HALF the women with centre partings are trying to look like Lady Diana Cooper in "The Miracle." Far from being Madonnas, they assume a vacant expression which gives one the impression of acute indigestion suppressed!

THERE are rumours that a certain baronet has completely lost his heart after a few weeks' acquaintance, and it looks as though a certain husband is going to lose his attractive wife.

WHO is the kindest person in London? Miss Bunting Stephenson said Mrs. Wooly-Hart. Somebody else suggested the Dowager Lady Forres. Lady Dudley, who, incidentally, is at Le Touquet, got a lot of votes, and so did Lady Alexander; and among the very young, Miss Angela Brett was given good marks, Miss Vivien St. George and Lady Diana Wellesley.

A YOUNG, and trying-to-be-younger, mother is very annoyed with her quite lovely daughter. After all, she did know him first.

COCKTAIL parties are like mushrooms, and as easily forgotten. Lady Phyllis Allen's was fun, but rather bright-people-ish; Mrs. Converse's was packed; Mrs. Ronald Balfour's had a slightly commercial flavour. I went to many more, and can't remember much about them, except the same faces followed me to each place. I wonder how many cocktails a week the habitués consume?

WHAT excitements on the Show Boat! It is fun! Capt. Jumbo Jolliffe is to be thanked for giving us such gay evenings. Datchett has been fun, too. I often see Lord and Lady Milford Haven there. They are both intelligent and charming—an unusual combination these days. But I 'm not quite certain if the latter adjective applies to two of their particular friends.

I HEAR one lovely, much-talked-of lady has beaten the record for broken hearts in Mayfair. She seems very happy with a dark young man.

IS one of our most lovely brunettes going to say "Yes" to a young man who has just won a large cup?

I NOTICED three perfect types of English beauty at a restaurant one night. Lady Carnarvon, with her fair hair worn full to frame her lovely complexion and blue eyes; Mrs. Cecil Pim, piquant, chic, blonde and blue-eyed; Miss Patsy Crawshay, who is Mrs. Freddie Cripps's débutante niece, blonde and white-skinned, with the youthful freshness only English girls have.

E

Collaborators at Large:

Harris and Fairlie at

The Battle of Shepherd's Bush

Blurb by Gerard Fairlie

Black and White by H. H. Harris

In the sixth round Gains put up a steam barrage and thus saved himself from a nasty upper-cut

WHEN Harris said "Carnera" to me, I said, "No, thanks," without the slightest hesitation, and took a taxi, which fortuitously happened to be passing, remarking to the driver, "Anywhere far away, quickly." My luck did not hold, for there was a traffic block only a few yards further on, and although Harris is no sprinter, all the same he got into the taxi too. Then he said, "Carnera versus Gains at the White City," and, realising that it was all right and Carnera had got an opponent already, I told the driver to forget Timbuctoo and make it the nearest public, where Harris and I could talk it over.

Harris said he had a plan. I said I supposed I couldn't help that, but I wasn't with him unless it wasn't dangerous. Harris said it was for an evening's entertainment, so I warmed to him and ordered the other half. Then Harris told me that a man called Larry Gains, who came from Canada, in spite of a dark skin, and who was the British Empire boxing champion, had been offered enough money to fight Primo Carnera. I asked for Carnera's weight. He told me that the Italian weighs over nineteen stone fully trained and really fit. I then asked how much Larry Gains could worry the scales for, and Harris said, "Oh, about fourteen stone four." So I made a mental note of that, and asked for their records. Something at once became obvious: Gains had met and beaten far more men of better class and greater experience than had Carnera: but, of course, Carnera is so enormous . . . and no mean boxer, either . . .

Well, I said I'd go. Harris said, "Good!" and ordered the other half, which was nonsense, because it made it more than a whole, but the waiter seemed to understand.

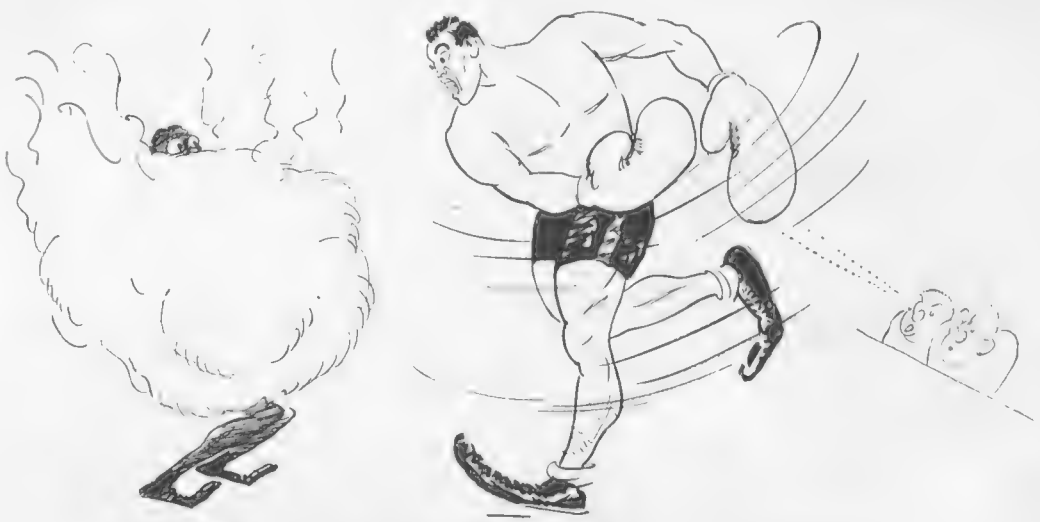
On the way down a man stopped our car (which annoyed us, because the meter was going all the time) and sold us a programme. I mean he put a programme in the car and became permanently attached while Harris and I fumbled. The meter hurried us, so the man won.

It turned out all right, really, because that programme, although entirely useless as a programme, acted as a passport to all the other leaches with a programme to sell.

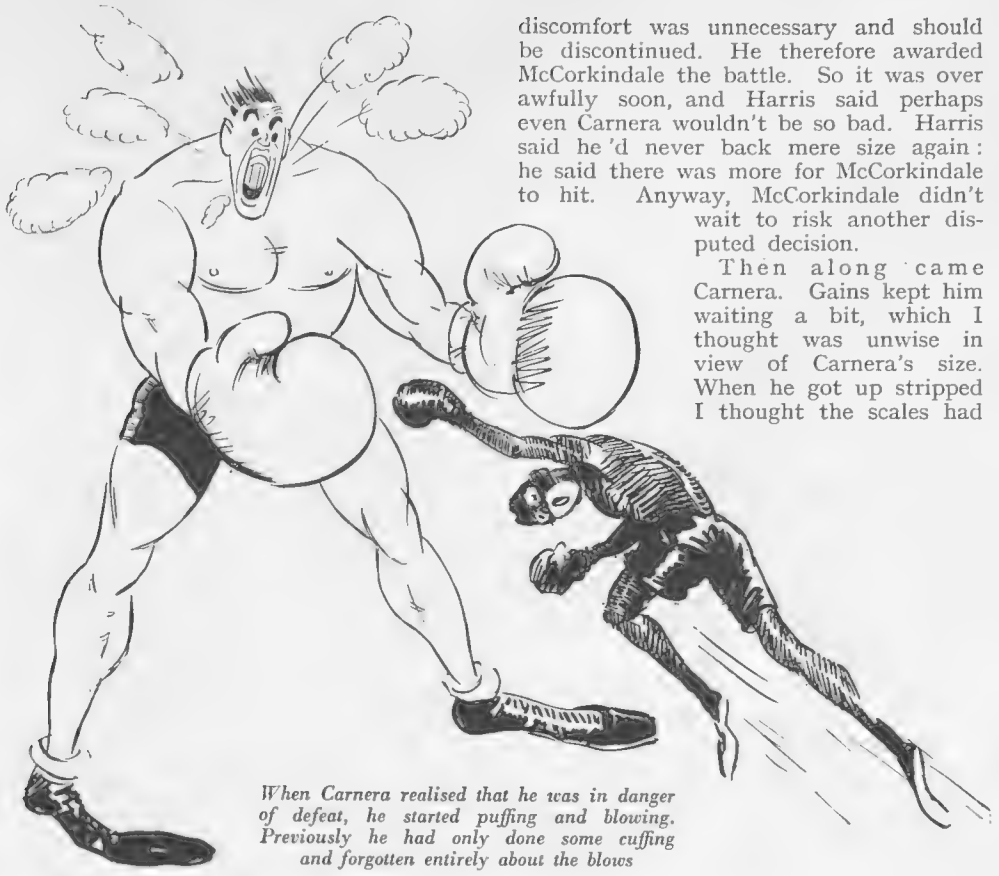
Before we got there, however, Harris had a shock. He was sitting on the port side of the car, with the window down beside him. An aviary suddenly took to piercing song just under his left ear. When I had pushed him back to his seat the man said, "Just put it on your tongue and blow." I preferred to give the man a sixpence and not risk it.

We had splendid seats—just about the distance from the ring that a flyweight would reach as a result of Carnera's right. Harris said he was quite comfortable, as Larry Gains weighed over fourteen stone.

Of course, they had several preliminary contests. The first went six listless rounds, the second one very rapid one, in which Billy Bird, who hails from Chelsea, did all sorts of things to his opponent in an amazingly short space of time, finally hitting him almost simultaneously with both hands on the chin and depositing him full length on his back, where the



In the last round Gains saved his life once again by a personal steam screen



When Carnera realised that he was in danger of defeat, he started puffing and blowing. Previously he had only done some cuffing and forgotten entirely about the blows

gentleman had the sense to remain. Actually, as Harris observed to me, it was remarkable how he recovered his senses in such a little while and was able to leave the ring under his own power without delaying the other contests. The third of the preliminary encounters deviated through three rounds, to become rather drastic at the finish of the third, and then along came Donald McCorkindale and Maurice Griselle.

Now Donald McCorkindale is a grand fellow who comes from South Africa, and who has twice fought Larry Gains to a standstill. I mean, they were both still standing, but more or less at a standstill, at the end. I mean, there was very little in it at the finish, although Gains rightly got the verdict at the end of the second attempt. Now this South African had lost a disputed verdict to Griselle—who is the French heavyweight champion—in Paris some weeks before, and, after all, no one likes to lose a verdict, especially disputed, if they are sure they won. Donald McCorkindale was sure he had won.

In the first round McCorkindale did things to Griselle, things that I have always wanted to do to Harris, things that, no doubt, Harris has always wanted to do to me, but things which, anywhere except within the roped square, would be considered to constitute battery and assault. In the second round McCorkindale had evidently doubled his contract, for he was doing all the same things squared. By this time Monsieur Griselle was obviously suffering severe internal discomfort, and in the third round the referee very wisely decided that such discomfort was unnecessary and should be discontinued. He therefore awarded McCorkindale the battle. So it was over awfully soon, and Harris said perhaps even Carnera wouldn't be so bad. Harris said he 'd never back mere size again: he said there was more for McCorkindale to hit. Anyway, McCorkindale didn't wait to risk another disputed decision.

Then along came Carnera. Gains kept him waiting a bit, which I thought was unwise in view of Carnera's size. When he got up stripped I thought the scales had been quite ladylike to the man: after all, only just over nineteen stone with that back! But, funnily enough, Larry Gains didn't seem to mind very much.

The biggest blow struck during the fight was when Carnera heard the result

MR. JEFF DICKSON had announced that this contest was an eliminating contest for the World's Heavyweight Championship, his intention being that the winner should fight the winner of the forthcoming contest in America between Sharkey and Schmeling. Harris said to me that he didn't understand why anybody should want to fight anybody else merely for the privilege of fighting one of these two. I said to Harris that while I entirely agreed with him, on the other hand I was torn between a feeling for my own safety and a desire to participate in the proceeds of the enormous gate which such a match would produce. Harris said, "Money 's not health." Then they started.

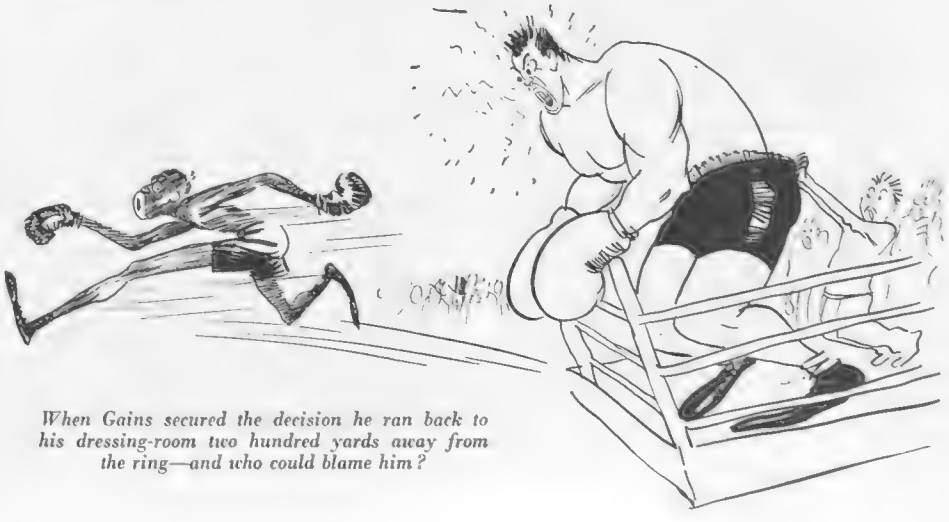
Carnera cuffed. Gains hit. Carnera went on cuffing. Gains went on hitting. Now, don't misunderstand me: if I had been given just one, the gentlest, of those cuffs I would have left the Stadium not under my own power and recovered consciousness in some Cottage Hospital in the provinces. But Larry Gains didn't seem to mind; in fact, he went on smiling and hitting. And, whereas a cuff does not count a point, a clean hit with a closed fist most certainly does.

Just occasionally Gains took one from Carnera when the giant remembered to close his fist. When that happened Harris averted his gaze and I was quite frank about it: I closed my eyes. But Larry went on smiling.

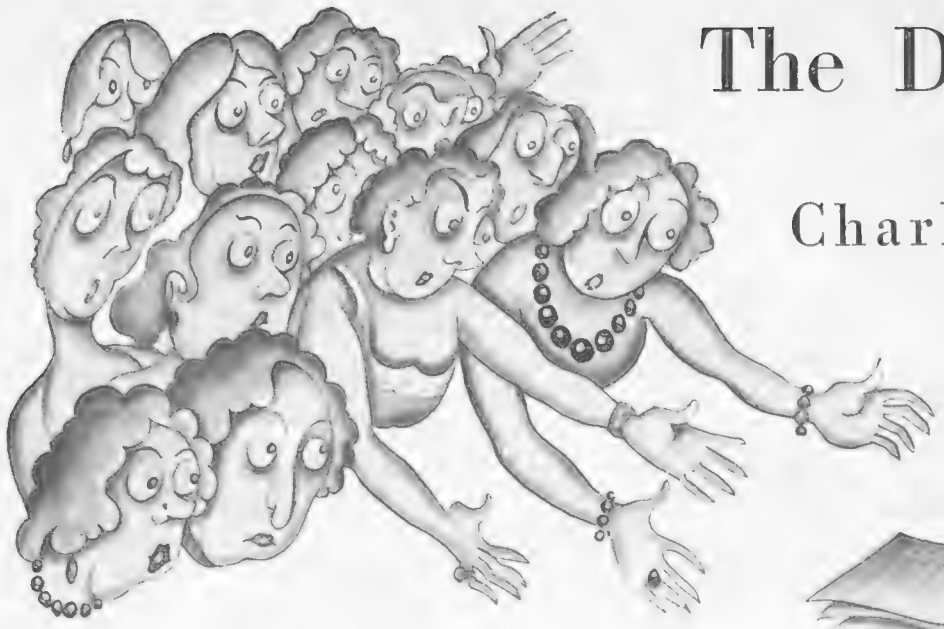
Well, that went on for ten rounds. At the end of that time Gains was a mountain ahead on points, on skill, on strategy and ring-craft, on everything except size. And, of course, he got the decision.

Some ignorant people said it wasn't a good decision; some ignorant writers told their public that it wasn't a good decision. But they forgot—or never knew—that a punch, to count, must be made with a closed fist.

But Harris and I agreed that Carnera took his defeat most extremely well. It can't have been much fun for him, even though punches delivered successfully by Gains made no impression on him whatsoever—punches which would have knocked out any ordinary man.



When Gains secured the decision he ran back to his dressing-room two hundred yards away from the ring—and who could blame him?



The Dance List

By Charles Gray

THE dance list. Have you ever seen it? For years I used to think it was a myth, a phantasm, an allegory. I thought of it in capital letters. The Dance List. "Is he on the Dance List?" It was a nice phrase, a useful phrase, like "Mayfair." But it exists. It began long years before the War. It has been added to, subtracted from, increased, erased, altered out of all recognition from its original self. The late Harry Graham's was probably the first name that appeared on it. An elderly gossipurity was on it. He was still on it three or four years ago. He scoffed. Wrote about it. Do you remember?

When a hospital wants to make an appeal; if you or I want to make an appeal, we can buy the hospital list vulgarly and openly at the rate of five pounds a hundred names. The dance list is much more exquisite than that. It is handed round discreetly. It is spoken of reverently. It is really blasphemous to write about it. Mothers of débutantes up from the Cotswolds or Scotland or Missouri, or wherever débutantes come from when they have not been sub-débutantes, would be lost without it. They say to their friends, "My dear, how can I get hold of the dance list? Poor Maggie knows so few young men, and you know I've been rusticating in the country for I don't know how long. Of course, I can ask the Wiltshires and the Merioneths and the Aberdoveys and the Polperros, but, honestly, I don't think we can rake up more than fifty young men. And we *do* want the dance to be a success, don't we? Can you help, my dear? Of course, I know it's all very humiliating to ask you a thing like this, and if I was not so anxious that Maggy should have a success, I should never *dream* of suggesting it." Then the fun begins. It is all so very awkward. They unwisely ask Mrs. ———, who also had a débutante daughter last Season. She opens her saucer-blue eyes and says, "A dance list? My dear, how funny you are. *Is* there such a thing? Really? Well, of course, we've never needed it. We know far too many young men as it is." The liar. She paid through the nose for a glimpse of one in 1931. Not that it did her ugly daughter much good. And, anyway, at least ten of the young men had gone to Kenya and not come back, and four had been appointed A.D.C.'s, and at least thirty were married and impudently asked if they could bring their wives, and twenty never answered, and in sixteen cases the invitations came back from the Dead Letter Office. Even then she was not going to give it away.

WELL, who *is* on the dance list? Automatically, unmarried officers in the Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards are on it. So are the secretaries of most of the Embassies and Legations. And so are unmarried peers, baronets, and sons of peers up to the age of thirty-five or so. A few undergraduates from Oxford duly qualify, though Cambridge is not always considered to supply an adequate social cachet for it. If a young man arrives at a dance early in the Season with Lady Pansy Peabody or that rich Miss Wallop, he is likely to find himself on the list in no time, providing his partners have not spurned him too obviously during the evening. Within a week his mantelpiece will bristle with invitations to dances from strangers of whom he has never heard. Of course, the dance list of each hostess is only two-thirds the same. The remainder of the names are those of young relatives and youths whose sisters went to Heathfield or Ozanne with the débutante whose mother is giving the dance.

Good Lord, I had nearly forgotten the Bachelors' Club! That is the nucleus of every dance list. Members of that famous Club have been invited mysteriously to dances ever since they were elected, and since the late William Gillett founded the Club in Hamilton Place, before it removed to South Audley Street. "Have you got this year's list of the members?" some unwary youth would be asked by a gushing hostess, and the deed was done. They say there is a list of suitable young men at the Guards' Club which is always on tap. And at White's, too. But I don't believe it. Members of these Clubs are too sophisticated for anything like a débutantes' dance.

AND now for the list. Are you on it? It is partly alphabetical, sometimes out of date, frequently mis-spelt, but there it is. Don't ask me how I got hold of it. I shan't tell. It is not complete. No dance list ever is. The person from whom I got it was suitably vague. Her daughter, who came out last year, knew lots of people, and in turn had a cousin who came out in 1929, who also knew lots of people. You know this kind of snowball affair. You will find married men who are apparently still bachelors, comedians, impresarios, men who are now admirals and once were dashing flag-lieutenants. You may even find yourself. So far as I have been able, I have put the new blood first. Here you are, then:

Lord Mornington, Lord O'Neill, Lord Kelburn, Mr. David Rhys, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Mulgrave, Sir Hugh Smiley, Mr. William Legge, Mr. Mervyn Wingfield, Mr. Ralph Stonor, Mr. John Arundel, Mr. Fionn O'Brien, Lord Buckinghamshire, Mr. John Nemeys-Tinte,

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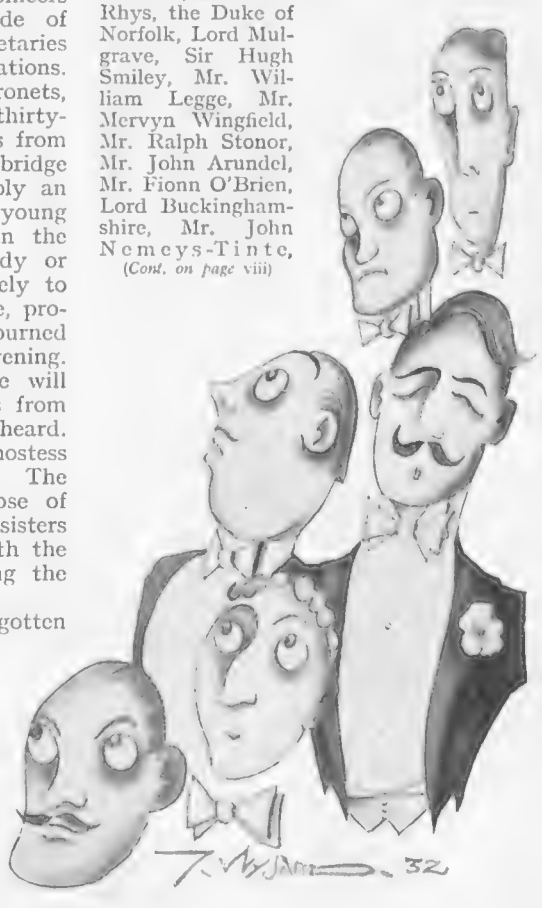


The Social Round-about

Peter North

The Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan

Above: Mrs. Evan Morgan, who, before her marriage to Lord Tredegar's son in 1925, was the Hon. Lois Sturt. She is Lord Alington's sister

Bertram Park

Mrs. Archie Campbell

A new portrait of the wife of Sir Guy Campbell's brother. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have a two-year-old son, Guy Napier

Claude Harris

Miss Violet de Worms

Left: Miss Violet de Worms, who is one of the most popular of London's younger set. She is the daughter of Baron and Baroness de Worms, of Milton Park, Egham

Mrs. Ginsberg's Guide to the Season . . .

"Eddie" Tatham

Writes a Hand-Across-the-Sea Letter to a Visitor from Kansas City

Illustrated by Patrick Bellew

Ex-Débutantes race after an electric Jazz-Band leader

DEAR MRS. GINSBERG,—Thank you for your letter. I am delighted to hear Mr. Ginsberg has been so successful with his new line of digestive tablets, "Windcarm," and has also been elected to Congress; he should soon now be able to double his income.

You will be pleased to have left Kansas City, and your "coming out" dance for Sadie in New York sounds splendid. It was clever of you to have the floor covered with seaweed to represent the bottom of the ocean, with the Orchestra dressed as Lobsters; you must have looked radiant as a Mermaid, and Mr. Ginsberg very dignified as Father Neptune.

I think, perhaps, it was a mistake to serve Brandy with the soup and Gin with the sweets, though not sufficient to excuse the Grand Duke Yuvanitch hiccoughing so loudly. It must have been disappointing for you that Sadie felt dizzy before the fish and had to leave the room. It was also very tiresome of those College Boys to sleep between each course.

Certainly your plan to bring Sadie to London for the Season is excellent, but I agree it would perhaps be wiser to leave Mr. Ginsberg at home.

YOU will be pleased to hear I have persuaded Anita, Countess of Slough, to Chaperone Sadie; she has reduced her fees and now only charges Three Thousand Guineas for the Season. She will rent a house in Park Lane which will cost you £300 a week, and you and Sadie may stay with her. She will also give a large Ball for her own daughter, Wisteria, to which you and Sadie will be invited.

Wisteria is a dear girl; she has a slight squint and rather a quaint wart, which is so restful in these modern days. The Ball will only cost you about £1000, which includes the Band, Supper, several Lords, and plenty of Central European Royalty.

They are probably "old Boys"

Sadie may find an English Dance somewhat tame after an American one. Over here there is no "cutting-in" system, with a large number of spare men standing at one end of the room, ready to pounce on their chosen, and forming what is called the "Stag Line," though, in reality, looking more like anxious Rams at an Agricultural Show. There is generally a shortage of men at London Dances, and the ones that are there will probably amble up to a girl, murmuring, "Missing fifteen, please?" and, if she is simple enough to wait, they will have left and be snoring at home in bed.

THE Countess has great influence, and assures me she will be able to arrange for you to be a Vice-President of some of the forthcoming Charity Concerts and Dances. You will thus be asked to Tea by many of our leading Hostesses; they will be very friendly and sell you several tickets at about five guineas each.

Fanny, Lady Adams, is organising a mammoth, midnight, all-star, all-"Blah" Revue in aid of some Charity which she will think of later. The chief item will be a contest in which all the leading ex-Débutantes race after an electric Jazz-Band leader. Royalty has promised to take two tickets in the upper circle,

There is no "problem picture"

and the Countess has arranged with Fanny that you may take twenty-four Stalls at Twelve Guineas each.

YOU have missed two events of the Season—the private view of the Academy, and the Derby. You should spare a few minutes for the Academy—although this year there is no "problem picture" of a seedy-looking couple gazing at a gas-meter, she holding an empty bird-cage, and he reading a last year's Bradshaw: a picture like this is a great help for dinner-table conversation.

It will be quite safe if you remember the names of just a few larger pictures and say they are all bad, that the younger school have had no chance—in fact, that everything lacks everything.

Do not call the Derby "Durby," and just skim over that event.

With a happy smile and a warm handshake

The Countess will pull many strings and present you and Sadie at Court; she will also push you into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

I THINK your suggestion that you and Sadie should both wear dresses of Kingfisher feathers for the Court is very colourful, but I should allow the Countess to choose your Gowns; she will take you to a dressmaker where she gets commission.

There is certainly no reason why you should not chew gum whilst waiting in the Mall—it would be something to do with your faces and would interest the Crowd. Be sure, though, to park the gum before entering the Palace, and it might be as well to swallow one of Mr. Ginsberg's "Windcarms." I do not think I should mention to their Majesties that you saw the back of their Son when he was in America; they will probably be in a hurry, and quite content with a Curtsey.

YOU ask me about some of the other chief events of the Season. You certainly should not miss the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match at Lord's. As you probably know, Eton and Harrow are two schools, Cricket is a game, and Lord's a lot of grass. If you watch, you will see on the grass two little boys from one school trying in turn to hit a ball a long way, and eleven little boys from the other school trying to prevent them. All around the grass are stands which will be occupied by a seething blanc-mange of parents and friends. It is rude to stare at the Cricket, and you will notice that most of the ladies present turn their backs on it. Quite a lot of men, though, in a pavilion, will seem to you to be taking an intelligent interest in the game; they are probably "Old Boys," and were "the toast of the Team" when they themselves played at Lord's. You and Sadie will be quite socially correct if you just trapes aimlessly around the hot asphalte paths at the back of the Stands.

ASCOT, of course, you cannot miss. The Countess having arranged for your Royal Enclosure tickets, you will find yourselves surrounded by what is vaguely called "the cream of Society," though you may wonder if the Separator has not been at work. Be sure and arrive in time to see the Royal Procession up the Course, as that is one of the really few thrills that this country, and no other country, can give. There will be some horse-racing, but don't bother about that; there will be plenty of men to watch it. Just amble about and you will have a splendid chance to meet once more those great ladies who were so charming to you at the Committee Meetings. You should go right up to them, with a happy smile and warm handshake—as they may forget to recognise you. If you can arrange the meeting when a photographer is near, so much the better. The picture may get into the papers, which will probably annoy them but thrill Kansas City.

Henley Week is an institution uniquely English. The sun blazes down on the green lawns of the Enclosure, made gay with a riot of flowers, beautiful women, and old men with caps on the back of their heads. On the river, in boats, there will be young men rowing between lines of "River Girls" and "College Boys," also in boats, but not rowing. Be sure and take mackintoshes, as it generally rains for Henley; also queue up early for lunch, as that is the big feature of the day.

GOODWOOD will be the next, and almost final, event of the Season; this is a much less formal affair than Ascot—and there is no harm in watching the racing. When you meet anyone tell them you are leaving before the last race to watch the Polo at Cowdray, as that is the "County" thing to do after each day's racing. The Public are allowed on one side of the ground, so no one will know if you have been invited or not, and you are allowed very near the house and grounds before the sheep are sorted from the Goats.

It is good news that the Hockheimers have asked you and Sadie to visit them for Cowes, which is the closing event of the Season. Cowes attracts a faithful little coterie of its own, and you will find at this most "exclusive" of all gatherings quite a different set of people from those who have adorned the earlier part of the Season. Everyone looks so healthy and windswept that each face might have been the original of a Breakfast Food advertisement. A Liver Salt salesman would dive into the nearest Gas Oven if he could see the regular "Cowesites." I fear, though, that you will not enjoy your visit very much if you do not know a member of the R.Y.S. or Mrs. Lewis, of Cavendish Hotel fame. The Squadron and Mrs. Lewis dominate the Week; each resides in a "Castle" with parallel steep lawns running down to the Front, and both are very particular in their likes and dislikes. However, a badge, proudly pinned on the Bosom, will allow you to ascend the Squadron lawns, but a Bosom-load of badges will not deposit you on the Lewis lawns unless the Chatelaine wills it. Unwanted guests are greeted at the door with the famous formula: "The Ball is to-morrow Night"!

After Cowes, everyone scatters to their various destinations, and you, I presume, will be returning to Home, Hearth, and Mr. Ginsberg, unless you decide to visit Scotland for the "Gunning."

E.T.

Each resides in a "Castle"

"The Ball is to-morrow Night"

Dorothy Wilding

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 2. The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Baillie Hamilton

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Baillie Hamilton are a gay couple whose enjoyment of parties is only equalled by the pleasure of their friends in seeing them. Mr. Baillie Hamilton is Lord Haddington's brother, and married Miss Wanda Holden three years ago

If Gossip We Must . . .

Lansbury v. Churchill—The King's Activities—Nevinson's Etchings—Nancy Price's Curtain Lecture

Lord Tennyson

An impression of the famous cricketer-peer, who is equally at home on the field of play as he is on the floor for dancing

Janet Jevons

Isla Bevan

in playing an important part in J. B. Priestley's "Dangerous Corner," at the Lyric Theatre, proves that she not only possesses beauty of a kind which "gentlemen prefer," but also an obvious ability to act

The Conductor of the Show Boat

Rita Poulton, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, who conducts a comic orchestra on board the Clifford Whitley Show Boat, which left Westminster Pier last week on its maiden midnight supper-party trip down the River Thames and back again. It will be observed that there is a touch of nautigality about her costume

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has never been afraid of abuse nor has he shown any lack of proficiency in the gentle art of making enemies. In the House of Commons he seems to be singled out to take part in duets of slanging, in which he himself keeps his temper while the other fellow does most of the vociferation.

Lord (then Mr.) Snowden was a worthy partner and gave as good as he got. Mr. Lansbury, who has succeeded him as Churchill-baiter-in-chief, is weaker, because, instead of being quietly vitriolic, he splutters and regards Mr. Churchill's interventions in any debate as an "impertinence."

As Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Lansbury should either squash people with whom he disagrees with some show of power and logical consistency, or let somebody else handle the job. He is more at home when he talks with sentimental indignation about the Government using the Means Test to "murder little babies as effectively as if they were put into a lethal chamber."

THE charge is, of course, grotesquely nonsensical, but the House, knowing its Mr. Lansbury and expecting him to talk about babies, doesn't mind a bit and would hate to see him in one. Indeed, Mr. Lansbury, as lovable as Smee, is not even required to explain how the refusal to give public money to a parent unless he can prove he is in need of it is going to affect the safety of his babies.

But here again, it is a case of any stick being good enough for beating the Government. Should Mr. Churchill eventually join it (there are less probable developments than that), Mr. Lansbury will probably use up a dozen sticks a day. That will be only natural. What is inconceivable to most sensible people is that the Government should be blackguarded day after day, week after week, by those who are not of the Socialist party. Have they ever stopped to think what the alternative to the National Government is likely to be?

An Artist in Oils

Jake von Bismarck, who has been exhibiting in New York at the Mary Reinhard and Balsac Galleries with great success. Her next show will shortly be seen at Knoedler's, in Old Bond Street. This clever artist is a relation of Princess Bismarck's

IT was good to see that the King is riding in the Row again—a custom discontinued since his serious illness. As a matter of fact, his Majesty, though he has to be extremely careful in damp weather—and every precaution in the world is taken to prevent a cold or chill—is at present in better health than he has been for years.

One proof of this is his recent strenuous round of going out at night. Not all of this can have been in the nature of light-hearted relaxation, since, to anyone not conspicuously musical, Wagner at the Opera, a classical concert at the Albert Hall, and even *The Miracle* at the Lyceum, lovely as it is, are by way of being a stern duty—and all in the same week, too.

I am told that when his Majesty received Lady Diana Cooper and congratulated her on her performance as the Madonna, he suggested that if ever in the future she plays a speaking part, her ability will be still further tested. Millions of people know Lady Diana's face; but her voice is as unknown a quantity as the voices of film stars in the old days before the advent of the "talkies."

A Star in the Heavens

Mr. Francis Francis, the millionaire airman, photographed with his wife, Sunny Jarman, the well-known actress, and Mrs. Jarman at Havana. The three are spending a holiday in flying over the American continent

LADY DIANA, by the way, was to be seen, and heard also, at the interesting supper-party M. Boulestin gave to show a few chosen friends that perfect food can be combined with appropriately bizarre and artistic music. We did not on this occasion have "Land of Hope and Glory" and beef-steaks at the same time, appropriate though that alliance would be. In point of fact, no food was actually allied with music at all.

We sat toying rather hungrily with *hors d'œuvre* while Mlle. Sophie Wyse sang most enchantingly settings by Poulenc, Chabrier and other French exotics which are all about the glories of trout, carp, sucking-pigs, and little apples. Then we fell to upon food which was utterly different. Whereat I, for one, was mightily relieved, for I consider trout muddy and over-rated, have never tasted carp—and don't want to—and cannot eat sucking-pig for little apples.

"If Music be the Food. . . ." Swaebe

Mrs. Carl Bendix, Mr. Geoffrey Toye, the well-known conductor, and Lady Ravensdale snapped at Boulestin's on the occasion of a gastronomical-musical party during which songs and such-like were chosen in praise of good food and good wine

A Gendarme Not Very Petit

Maurice, the maître d'hôtel at the Trocadero, who provides food for the mind as well as the body, and has continued to do so for fifteen hundred nights, which must constitute a record for any cabaret show. The portly Maurice is seen singing in the "Trocabaret" his new song, entitled "Le Petit Gendarme"

DELYSIA was to have sung, but elected to make a short speech instead. Gladys Cooper was with her husband, and Edward Knoblock was at the next table. Olga Lynn was submitting to the "Oggy darlings" of a really fashionable life, and Peggy Wood and Henri Leoni represented *The Cat and the Fiddle* (although not literally). Lady Queensberry, who paints so cleverly, was honest enough to confess that to most music she remains quite indifferent.

I HAVE just come across C. R. W. Nevinson, fully recovered from his serious illness of a few weeks ago, but not from all his woes. One of these was that he had taken a place in the country in which to float easily back to health, and had almost floated out of it in the literal sense. The rain came and beat upon that house and, unlike the Nevinson parties, water was

everywhere. But all these troubles should not prevent "Nevvy" being pleased at the congratulations he is receiving on his "Twelve large plates in photogravure," which have just been published in the "Masters of Etching" series. If, that is to say, he can get over the shock of being lumped together with a lot of R.A.'s, for in this series have previously figured Frank Brangwyn, Sir Frank Short, Sir D. Y. Cameron, F. L. Griggs, and even Rembrandt (not an R.A.).

NEVINSON, so Malcolm Salaman informs us, did not begin to use the etching needle and acid until 1922. But a likely lad can learn a lot in ten years, and if one wants to see what an etching needle can do with Cleopatra's ditto, one has only to glance at his fine "Westminster from a Savoy Window"—the Savoy Window being one in the home of the Savage Club.

NEVINSON has shown a grim echo of the war in "Dawn, 1914"—a dry-point of troops marching through a half-dark street. My own favourite is "Sunday Evening"—an exquisite river scene. The human figure is not much to the fore in this set, but we see it in "The Connoisseur," and quite a lot of it, too.

LIKE most big fights, the Larry Gains—Carnera affair ended in a decision which was received with mixed opinions. But not so mixed as the descriptions of the big Italian's appearance. Carnera resembled, we were told, "a human lump in a mauve dressing-gown," "a pyramid of pugnacity," "a giant in torment," "a happy, over-grown child," "the product of an H. G. Wells imagination," "Samson without a Delilah," "a baulked battleship," and "elemental vastness in silk." For my part, I thought he looked exactly like Carnera.

THE People's National Theatre, "built by the people and for the people—add a brick," is a laudable effort which I do not want to hinder by throwing a brick instead of adding one. The little Duchess Theatre, where it is housed, hardly suggests the proletariat, for there is no pit, nor would I call Pinero and Clifford Bax exactly popular dramatists. But I would suggest to Miss Nancy Price, who runs the place and is full of sincerity and energy in working for its interests, that she should abstain from Mrs. Caudle curtain lectures in the intervals. People go to the theatre to amuse themselves. They do not like to be reminded of duties, and so forth. The other night my enjoyment of Pinero's *A Cold June* was somewhat damped by the appearance before the curtain of Miss Price who "deliberately Trafalgar Squared" us with rather threatening mien. Not by such efforts, well-meaning though they be, will the People's National, or any other, Theatre be made to flourish. Even her Pekinese seemed piqued.

Mr. George Cannons, seen above as visualised by Jean Negulesco, is, unlike many Englishmen who went to Hollywood for the purpose of writing film scenarios and acting on the screen, kept exceedingly busy. He is the only English portrait-photographer in that city, and his cleverness is such that he is in constant demand for making camera studies of the most famous film stars. "The Bystander" will, from time to time, publish exclusive pictures by him, and two typical specimens of his artistry appear this week on pp. 472 and 473

BY FRANK FORD

"How would you like your steak, Sir?"
"Very much indeed!"

Claude Harris

The "Party" Spirit

Benita Hume, who has made a big hit in the rôle of Miranda Clayfoot—a purely imaginary character, of course!—in Ivor Novello's most entertaining "Party" at the Strand Theatre

CHACUN À SON GOUT

A gossip writer in a daily paper recently asked his readers to send him their views on the most enjoyable feature of the Season

FOR some, the thrill of cricket
A lasting joy affords, [cold,
And though the Commons leaves them
They wallow in the joys untold
Awaiting them at Lord's.
The débutante will revel
In the thrill she gets at Court;
Though not mechanically inclined,
I'm pretty sure that now you'll find
She has her "train" of thought.

The Season's charm for others
At Ranelagh is found,
Where pukka sahibs dash about
Defying every chukka out
Upon the Polo ground;
While tennis fans forgather
At Wimbledon to see
The "net" results of those who sport
And raise a racket on the court
Before the gallery.

Delights there are in plenty
For one and all to find,
With dances, boating, racing, and
The joys of coaching four-in-hand
For those who have the mind.
But—I confess it frankly—
My joy lies not in these,
But in the gastronomic treat
I give myself each time I eat
Roast duck and new green peas!

B. W.

The New Plays

Ivor Novello throws a swell "Party"

"Casanova" at the Coliseum

Dorothy Dickson as Princess Potomska in the spectacular musical play recently produced and now running at the London Coliseum

THE golfer, the hunting man, and the actor—when it comes to talking shop it is a moot point to whom should go the prize for cruelty to listeners. Of the actor it can at least be said that he is talking about his bread and butter. And, if he isn't by nature a crashing bore, his outpourings should not lack spice, humour, and that strange glamour which hangs over the footlights. Yet plays about stage life are not universally popular. The public does not want to see actors playing at being themselves; it prefers them to pretend to be someone else. Otherwise, there is some sort of short-circuit in the current of illusion.

Ivor Novello knows all about the snags of back-stage stuff and also how difficult it is to reproduce any form of party spirit without resorting to the agonising musical-comedy recipe of balloons, coloured streamers, and a chorus who simulate high spirits by screaming like parakeets. The informal noise and levity of a drawing-room, so light and spontaneous in its round-the-piano atmosphere, becomes heavy going when put on the stage.

Not so, however, in *Party*. For which relief much thanks to Ivor Novello and many bouquets to the producer, Athole Stewart. A good deal of the "shop"—all the usual chat, catty or sentimental, about "props" and press-notices—strikes no reverberating chord in the first-nighter's hard-boiled bosom, but there are compensations. The author has the nerve and verve to kick the pants of the critics good and hard, and each time with unerring aim. The habit, for instance, of waiting till an actress has one foot in the grave before recognising her abilities deserves to be rammed home. And I hope the high-brows blushed guiltily over that neat thrust at the kind of nobody who "runs repertory in the heart of Epping Forest" and is ipso facto hailed as a genius.

Party never degenerates into mere "shop." At the right moment out flashes a daring or witty line to set the house in a roar. It is a case of repartee with the lid off, the proceedings being Bohemian, and therefore privileged.

In other words, this is one of those first-night parties, overflowing with bouquets, bunk, and badinage, which bore you stiff or tickle you to death according to taste. The giver is an orchidaceous actress rejoicing in the name of Miranda Clayfoot, which reads mighty like a pseudonym for Tallu. . . . But hush! The programme strongly deprecates any attempt at identifying the "entirely fictitious" characters with real people. Which, as Euclid would have observed, is absurd.

Benita Hume's appallingly difficult part is one long Tallelulah Chorus, and to make a firm portrait out of a faint imitation is no easy business. Miss Hume runs heroically riot among the high-spots, and with enormous tenacity, skill, and charm scores a genuine hit. Miss Braithwaite's task is less hectic but demands perfect poise and timing. Her naïveté and complete control of any situation from the sublime to the ridiculous are priceless assets. As the star of yesteryear, feigning a child-like ignorance of her contemporaries, fondling a Pekinese of unpleasant habits, now deliberately rude, now irresistibly charming, Miss Braithwaite floats on her airy way like some black swan of regal lineage and unruffled plumage. A comedy performance of the first magnitude. Mrs. Patrick Campbell herself could scarcely have improved on it!

Annuschka (Mary Lawson), Casanova (Fernando Autori), and Costa (Douglas Wakefield)—a costa with a donah—in a scene from "Casanova," the Müller (after Schanzer and Welisch)—Harry Graham—Johann Strauss—Erik Charell—Ernst Stern—Oswald Stoll collaboration

SOME sort of coherence is given to the revels of the guests—a motley crowd of pros., critics, "fans," and what-nots—by a love story about an old flame, his innocent young wife, and a box containing cocaine which Miss Braithwaite mercifully empties on an aspidistra and refills with white sugar. But not before Margaret Vines has feigned death from jealousy with moving simplicity and Sebastian Shaw, recoiling on the seducer of his kisses and calling Miranda worse than vamp, has dashed out for the police and brought the curtain down in a lively outburst of melodrama.

Perhaps no one but Mr. Novello could have "got away" with the inevitable anti-climax of the third act. One way out of the difficulty would have been to recall the three star turns of the party-within-a-party—Namara, with her Puccini top notes and Spanish songs; Douglas Byng in a too, too-pure-for-words selection from his inimitable repertoire; and Elizabeth Pollock imitating famous actresses with diabolical exactitude, the first of her victims being Lilian Braithwaite, who, on hearing her own name, blandly enquired whether she was "another of those actresses." But as the guests had gone home at last—stage time was 3.30 a.m.—Mr. Novello had just to leave things to the two leading ladies, now bosom friends as they talked "shop" over eggs and bacon, and call on Sir Gerald du Maurier to ring up Miranda with an offer of a "marvellous" part in a new play, which completely upset that repentant lady's plans for a rich marriage to a constant Peer. Is Sir Gerald, I wonder, in the habit of making his casting arrangements at half-past three in the morning?

This *Party* is too grand, marvellous, or whatever the latest adjective is, to miss. Come early and make a night of it.

TRINCULO.

"Party," at the Strand Theatre

Impressions by
"KEN"

"Ken's" impressions of Ivor Novello's amusing "Party" show, top right, Mrs. Macdonald (Lilian Braithwaite), an actress of the old school, at her first meeting with one of the young school, Miranda Clayfoot (Benita Hume), making the sparks fly. The long, long trail on the right is Elizabeth Pollock, who entertains the guests at the party, as does Douglas Byng, below, on her left. On the far left another part of the party can be seen. At the back, Lord Ellerton (Martin Lewis) and Lady Bay-Clender (Margaret Vines). In the middle distance, Sir Philip Bay-Clender (Sebastian Shaw), Mrs. Mumford (Agnes Imlay) and Fay Strube (Joan Swinstead); while the foreground is entirely occupied by Widdy (Norah Howard). A review of this play by "Trinculo" appears opposite

FAREWELL TO A PLATINUM BLONDE

Jean Harlow, whose new film is called "A Red-headed Woman," has decided to dye her own hair for the part, having experimented unsuccessfully with seven different red wigs. She comes from Chicago and played her first part, with no previous stage experience, as lead in the talking version of "Hell's Angels." An exclusive photograph by George Cannons

"FROSTED YELLOW WILLOW" IN DISGUISE

Even the most ardent of Anna May Wong's "fans" might be forgiven for not recognising her in her "man-about-town" ensemble, nor under the English translation of her name. She and Marlene Dietrich, in "Shanghai Express," have perfectly contrasting rôles as representatives of East and West. Her many admirers hope that she will soon return to the stage of "three dimensions." Another exclusive photograph by George Cannons

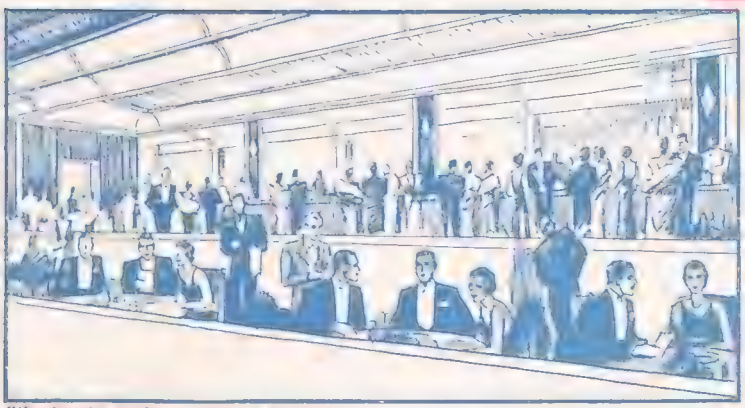
Janet Jevons

ON WITH THE DANCE!

A camera study of Alanova, who danced yesterday before the King and Queen at Drury Lane, at a matinée given in aid of the British Hospital in Paris. Her reputation on the Continent as a beautiful dancer has been confirmed here, and her personality has made her exceedingly popular in the social world. Inset: Alanova in everyday attire embarking on a shopping expedition

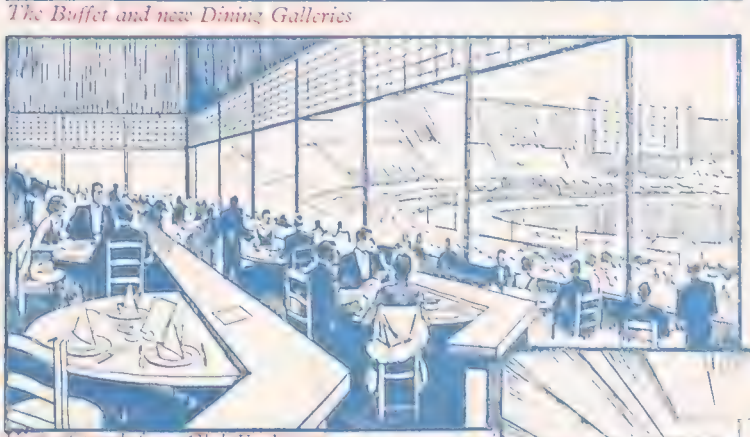
They'll all be at the GREYHOUND DERBY!

LOOK for your friends at the White City during this year's Derby Heats — they're sure to be there . . . . these are important days in the Greyhound Racing Year and the final for the Greyhound Derby on June 25th is the "big night" of this fascinating sport.



The Buffet and new Dining Galleries

In the Club Enclosure you can dine luxuriously in perfect comfort and at the same time watch the racing with an unobstructed view of the track. Special improvements and extensions are being carried out including new dining galleries and buffet, and a ballroom where you can dance on a perfect floor to a West-End orchestra.



View of track from Club Enclosure

The Greyhound Derby will be one of *the events* of London's Social Season.

Make a note of the final date, June 25th. Write now to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City, for particulars of Club membership.

WHITE CITY

The new Ballroom and Members' Lounge

A vivid impression of Chez
Since its opening, over three y
Bury Street has been the recogniz

Specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER *by* F. MATANIA

Chez Quaglino by Matania.
hree years ago, Quaglino in
cognized rendezvous of Society

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STYLE 7249

STYLE 8179

You will find a DOLCIS SHOE SALON almost anywhere in London — Piccadilly Circus, Bond Street, Oxford Street, Victoria, Strand, Charing Cross Road, etc. Also Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and all large towns and cities throughout the kingdom. Orders by post should be addressed to Headquarters, Dolcis Shoe Company, Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1.

STYLE 8162

STYLE 8156

STYLE 8116

STYLE 7733

STYLE 7249—Distinctive Walking Shoe in perforated Fawn Suede and Hazel Glace Kid with high Louis heel. Also in Matt Kid and Black Suede, Tan Glace and Brown Suede, Tan Calf and White, and the new "Mist Blue" Glace Kid. Priced at 16/6 pair.

STYLE 8162—Graceful Style Court Shoe with medium Louis heel. In Patent, Black Matt Kid, Tan, Hazel, Green and "Mist Blue" Glace Kid. Also Brown Suede Calf. Priced at 21/- pair.

STYLE 8116—Stylish Court Shoe with dainty piped vamp bow and extra high Louis heel. In Brown, "Mist Blue" or Hazel Glace Kid, Patent, Black Suede and Black Matt Kid. Priced at 25/- pair.

STYLE [illegible]—[illegible] Court Shoe in Black and White Satin, specially prepared to dye to [illegible] shades. Priced at 21/- pair. Also in heavy Black and White Crepe de chine which can also be dyed. Priced at 25/- pair.

STYLE [illegible]—[illegible] Green cut [illegible] Louis heel and high [illegible] In Brown, "Mist Blue" or Hazel [illegible] Patent, Black Suede and Black [illegible]. Priced at 22/6 pair.

STYLE [illegible]—Perfectly modelled Green [illegible] Court Shoe with smart leather Cuban [illegible]. In Tan Kid, Tan Calf, Brown Suede, Patent and Matt Kid. Priced at 21/- pair.

STYLE 7733—Charming Sandal-Bar Shoe with high Spanish heel. In Green, Bronze, Beige, Red, "Mist Blue," Java Glace Kid and White Calf. Priced at 22/6 pair.

The Stage of the Day

In Mood both Gay and Grave

"Dangerous Corner"

Above: The scene in J. B. Priestley's play at the Lyric Theatre where Olwen Peel (Flora Robson), seated on the sofa, by a chance remark uttered on seeing the musical cigarette-box, handed to her by Freda Caplan (Marie Ney), all unwittingly reveals secrets in the lives of the other characters, including Robert Caplan (Richard Bird), at the back, and Charles Stanton (Frank Allenby). Maud Mockridge (Esmé Church), seated left, is the only character whose reputation is not soiled by Olwen Peel's revelation

Above: Non-stop Variety has come into its own, and Revuedeville No. 7 is attracting crowded houses to the Windmill Theatre. Above shows quite a lot of Bobbie Bradshaw and Helena Taylor, causing hands of horror to be lifted by Pearl Keymer, a twelve-year-old male impersonator in typical clerical garb

Right: Jean Forbes-Robertson as Viola in "Twelfth Night" at the New Theatre. The critics have highly praised this performance, which, because it differs in many respects from famous Violas of the past, possesses the merit of originality

The WORLD

Ricardo Cortez, as a young Jewish surgeon, and Irene Dunne, one of his patients, in "Melody of Life," the new film at the Tivoli. Cortez gives one of the finest performances of a doctor's part yet screened

Another Doctor at the Tivoli

Below and right: Two portraits of Elissa Landi, who has deserted London for Hollywood, where she is now working on "Burnt Offering." Her last film, "Devil's Lottery," had the Derby as a background

Vamping in Hollywood

Elissa Landi

So Herbert Marshall is to be the Dietrich's new leading man. I can think of no better choice. In fact, the whole time I was sitting through *Shanghai Express*, watching Mr. Brook's rather stiff and colourless performance, I couldn't help thinking what an ideal partner Marshall would have made for her. Marshall is probably the most sought-after man in pictures. He 's turned down offer after offer from Hollywood, and even now, it seems, he 's not going to stay there long, for I have had a cable from him to-day in which he says that he will follow the Dietrich picture (Von Sternberg directing, of course) with one for Lubitsch, and be back here in late September—which is all for the good of British pictures.

The Marlene Dietrich-Herbert Marshall combination should be one of the biggest drawing cards in pictures, for they are both consummate artists—and they both have that particular quality of glamour that draws the folks in—and sends them in *again*.

WHAT Edna Best's plans will be when she arrives in Hollywood with her husband, remains to be seen, but, from a letter in my mail, I understand that she may do a picture for Metro-Goldwyn—which, of course, she was due to do when she did her famous "walk out" on the surprised film capital some eighteen months ago. One thing is certain, and that is that Herbert Marshall and Edna Best will not appear together in a film until they come back here to make some more British ones.

A VERY important stepping-stone in the history of British film production is marked by the long-awaited opening of the new Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush. There can be no possible doubt that the delay will be proved to have been well worth while, and that this studio will be as good as anything that Hollywood possesses from the point of view of equipment, organisation, or anything else you like. Michael Balcon, in taking over this studio, as well as the Islington, and so becoming the chief of production of the whole Gaumont-British group, becomes the great white chief of British production (he has long been its White Hope), and one of the biggest men in the entertainment world in the whole of Europe. And "Micky" is still well on the right side of forty.

THE first product of the Shepherd's Bush Studios will be *Rome Express*, with Walter Forde directing, and a cast which will include Joan Barry, Esther Ralston (just arrived from Hollywood), Cedric Hardwicke, Harold Huth, Gordon Harker, and other strong support.

GEORGE ROBEY is to make his screen début in a new picture, with Renate Müller, the star of *Sunshine Susie*. I say his début, because George (surely our funniest comedian) has never yet done more than play about at pictures, and has never appeared in a distinguished production such as this. He tells me he has a part that he can really get his teeth into. He should be funny.

So Adrianne Allen and Charles Laughton are to play together for Cecil B. de Mille in *The Sign of the Cross*, presumably adapted from that dreadful Biblical play by Wilson Barrett. I can't imagine what either of them will play. Adrianne (the best screen proposition whom we ever allowed to leave our shores) is the most modern, most sophisticated, and most soignée creature I have ever met in my life. As for Charles Laughton, clever as he is, I can hardly imagine him as Tarquinius something or other in a toga! Truly the ways of Hollywood are incomprehensible.

ADRIANNE looks like becoming England's most distinguished representative among the female contingent in the film metropolis—if, indeed, it can still be considered such with the big march of European production and the tightening up of schedules over there. Elissa Landi went over with a big flourish of trumpets,

of the FILM

By Wilfred James

and has never yet done anything to justify all the fuss and bother. Jillian Sande went over, and they were going to do great things with her, but she has come back sad and disillusioned, feeling that she has simply been wasting her time. Edna Best had one quick look round and left. Tallulah, who has blossomed into a real " big noise " in pictures, isn't English, anyway, although we had become so used to her over here that we almost regarded her as our own. Nor, exactly, is Sari Maritza, of whom they are making a frightful fuss (just as they did over Elissa), but who I have never thought had the ability to make her do anything big in pictures, although she certainly has the looks. Diana Wynyard, another recent arrival in Hollywood, I regard as a really good actress, but I doubt if she has the photographic attributes to equip her for stardom. This seems to leave the field clear to Miss Allen to make herself the first real British woman star in American pictures, since Dorothy Mackaill made herself known to the world via the American screen.

On Trial

Lilian Bond, the English actress, as she appears in " The Trial of Vivienne Ware." She is also appearing in " The Old Dark House," a new Hollywood film which includes the biggest cast of English players yet collected together over there; only two members of it are American

Ten Cents a Dance

A new portrait of Miriam Hopkins, the heroine of " Dancers in the Dark," the dance-hall film seen at the Plaza, in which Jack Oakie, as leader of the Jazz Band, and William Collier jr., as a saxophone player, are her opposite numbers

It is strange to think that there simply isn't a single English girl in American pictures who amounts to a row of beans at the present time. Poles, Russians, Swedes, Mexicans, Roumanians, Chinese, Austrians, Germans, all figure among the stars—but not a single English one. And yet among the men it is so different. Brook, Colman, McLaglen, Marshall, Howard, Laughton, Massey, Aubrey Smith, Torrence, Roland Young (at present over here), are a pretty useful little lot to begin with—and one could think of a whole crowd more.

Jessie Matthews is to play with Owen Nares in a picture to be produced at Beaconsfield by Albert de Courville, the one-time star producer of lavish revue. I can't see Jessie as a film proposition—effective as I think her stage personality. One needs something different for the screen—and it takes a lot of learning. However, she is a clever little girl, and so we 'll hope for the best.

Ivor Novello did the dialogue for *Tarzan*. He always *was* good at drawing-room comedy ; and, by the way, I wonder when somebody is going to grab young Ivor for a picture over here. Perhaps his contract with Metro-Goldwyn prevents him from working on this side. If that is so, it 's a great pity, because Ivor is still a great big draw with the picture-going public—though probably he 's making far too much money writing successful stage plays to bother about the hard graft of film acting. However, I hear that one of his present stage productions (the one in which he himself appears) has been bought by Twickenham Films. So that may mean that we shall see him ere long in another British film.

Heather Thatcher is on her way back from Hollywood, where she has made a *big* success. Home producers please note. She probably won't get work over here. The reason ? Well, a Prophet . . . etc.

I really believe that if Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, and Victor McLaglen all arrived over here together, with the avowed intention of working in British films, certain people would say : " But why have they come back if they are not flops ? "

My Weekly Thought

The Youth of To-day

By Norman Thwaites

ONE may safely suppose that each succeeding generation criticises the preceding one, just as the old fellows shake their heads at the capabilities of those who follow them. But I venture to assert that there never was a time when distrust of their elders was so frankly, not to say impudently, expressed by the youthful as it is to-day.

Young men and women speak heatedly of the problems their fathers and grandfathers have left for them to solve, as though no other generation had ever had to face difficulties before. They appear to believe that their elders have made a sad mess of things, and that they are called upon to extricate a mad and muddled world from follies perpetrated by those who had not the wisdom to ask their advice, and who kept them out of positions they could have filled better.

The old men, in turn, regard the youth of to-day as of poorer quality than earlier generations, of feebler fibre, and quite inadequate to carry on the heritage left to them. I believe that both are wrong.

THE present generation is apt to forget that, but for their stalwart forebears, there would have been no heritage for them to preserve. If their fathers had not accepted the challenge of the country's enemies, blundered successfully through numerous campaigns, and finally destroyed the pretensions of the Central European Powers, there would be mighty little heritage left them to enjoy.

WE have forgotten the gallant old gentlemen who, in 1914, bought themselves toupées and hair-dye to create the impression of youth, and went straight from the hairdresser to the recruiting office with cheerful chronological lies upon their lips. Those who survived have sought to set their house in order, and but for our less discerning or more unfortunate neighbours, this country would long since have emerged from the worst of its distresses.

Will the present generation show equal spirit in time of emergency? Some of the old 'uns think not. They see with concern types of youth at the schools and universities very different from the calibre of earlier generations.

I ATTENDED recently a debate at one of our senior universities on National Defence. An indulgent President permitted the deliberations to stray from the motion before the house, and the discussion resolved itself into a white-livered and lamentable plea for peace at any price by unkempt, unshaven young orators who placed the most extravagant value upon their rather soiled skins.

THE unpleasant taste left in the mouth was happily removed next day by a visit to the University Air Squadron, where I learned from the Commanding Officer that applicants for membership were of the highest stamp and outnumbered vacancies by ten to one. A week-end at the Royal Air Force Cadet college at Cranwell has confirmed the conviction that this country still breeds "noble bloods."

IF, as I read, the younger generation is oppressed by the future, and is wondering whether to make a great attempt to put it right or to let it go, there is poor hope for the country. It is true that the generation that should now be governing this land was slain in the Great European War, and that too many tired old men have remained in the seats of the mighty because there was none to take their place.

THE horrid suggestion has been made that a small section of the community is suffering from an inferiority complex, and that youngsters now just leaving public school for the university, and the artisan about to begin his career, who seem to be of feeble temper, are the sons of the scrimshanker, of the conscientious objector, of those who had no stomach for the fight and remained at home to hold down the softest of soft jobs and to comfort the women.

A DISQUIETING thought for the country's immediate future, and, I believe, an unfair one. I prefer to believe that the quality of the nation has not deteriorated. The older generation has preserved the Empire intact, and extended its boundaries. It has paid its debts and has so impressed the world that Great Britain's prestige was never so high. The new generation starts, if not with a clean sheet, at least with a financial and economic situation no worse than that inherited by certain earlier generations—an Empire that will go from strength to strength in spite of those feeble few who live in "craven fear of being great."

Oxford v. Cambridge at Lawn Tennis

Above: B. W. Finnigan (Oxford), beaten by the New Zealander, C. E. Malfroy, 5—7, 5—7, on a day more suited for Rugger than tennis

Left, above: G. C. Frank (Oxford), who created the surprise of the day by beating J. W. Nuthall 6—2, 5—7, 6—3

Left, below: J. W. Nuthall (Cambridge), G. C. Frank's victim, who, partnered by C. R. D. Tuckey, and playing first pair, beat R. K. Tinkler and B. W. Finnigan in the doubles match by 6—4, 6—1

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Skaio Wildman

MISS VERA POLIAKOFF, who is one of our most talented young actresses, recently married Mr. Basil Burton, a nephew of Lord Rothermere, and apart from her serious stage activities is well known for her good looks and her chic. Here she is seen wearing an unusual gown of stiffened black lace from Victoire which has leg-o'-mutton sleeves

Evening

Yevonde

Our Evening Wardrobe includes Velvet, Cotton and Coq's Feathers

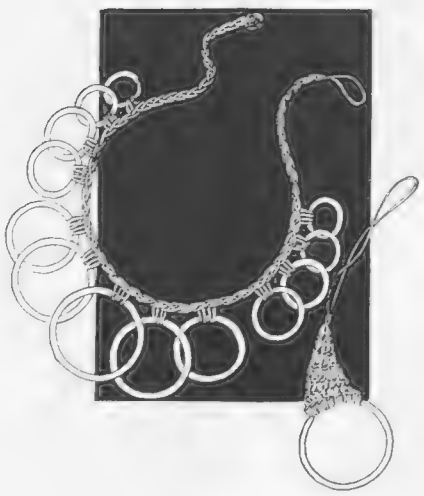
IN the photograph above Miss Bunting Stephenson is wearing an evening gown made of checked gingham. This is a Main-bocher model from Kay Norton and has a shaped, ankle-length skirt which is not very full and an asymmetrical décolletage bordered with twin frills of the gingham—a most attractive version of an economy in dress which we often preach but rarely practise

MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH has chosen for evening wear one of Schiaparelli's new triangular capes, which are made of velvet and bordered with coq's feathers. This one is of royal blue velvet and the feathers are of the same shade; another of a similar shape was made of ice-blue cire jersey, bordered with deep-blue feathers, and was worn with a matching gown

Fashions, Simple and Sophisticated

IF it has done nothing else, the vogue for cotton evening gowns has brought to our notice the excellence of design and colouring of British cotton materials. This enchanting gown for a young girl is a Chanel model and has a full skirt worn over a stiffened petticoat. The oval décolletage is outlined with tiny blue and white flowers to match the printed design of the material. Posed by Miss June Child

Notes on Some New Jewellery



THE ingenuity recently displayed by English designers has led many people to revise their previous judgment on articles of home-grown provenance. The jewellery sketched on this page is an excellent proof of this development in our industry and taste. In the top left-hand corner is a necklace of twisted metal, and this and the necklace composed of glass globes, in each of which swims a small multi-coloured fish, are the work of a new firm, Beatrice Dawson and Fedorovitch. Both these necklaces may be obtained from Woollands. The tubular necklace and bracelet to match of gold and silver links, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and the necklace of rose colour glass plaques, sketched on the right of this page, from Albert and Johnson. Ropes of gaily coloured wool make the attractive sports necklace and bracelet mounted on metal bars shown on the left of the illustration above. These come from Leathercraft, and so do the original necklace and ear-rings sketched on the left, which are made of crocheted string and metal rings. In the centre of the page is shown a necklace of fancy metal rings, through which strands of two differently coloured materials have been threaded. This and the heavy chromium bracelet both come from Harvey Nichols.

Scaioni

Gauntlet Gloves Favour Trimmings and Gay Colours

A SURPRISE of the season has been the importance and the colourfulness of our gloves. In the accompanying photograph Mrs. Ronald Balfour wears a Chanel suit made in British materials in shades of brown and pink, and her long gauntlet gloves are carried out in the same two colours. Below is a selection of interesting gloves from Leathercraft. Reading from left to right: royal blue suède trimmed with pale blue, red and white stripes; mustard yellow leather; pale rose suède trimmed with metal buttons; blue suède with stiffened knitted gauntlets of red, white and blue wool; pale green suède with fancy gauntlets and red leather with widely flared gauntlets.

Howard Marshall *on* Cricket

The Cambridge Team and a Note on Notts

The Colchester Garrison Cricket Season

Sir C. K. Dick-Cunyngham (Black Watch) and Lt. R. E. Hudson (Royal Artillery) going out to open for the Garrison in their first match against St. Catherine's College, Cambridge

I'M writing this in a room overlooking Parker's Piece, at Cambridge, and a very stimulating prospect there is from my window. A dozen games of cricket are in violent progress below me, despite the fact that the miniature batsman who serves as a weather-vane on top of the Jack Hobbs memorial pavilion is pointing due north. He is perfectly accurate, moreover, and a colder wind never blew from the Arctic regions to pierce good cricketers to the bone.

There is one more thing to be noted about this article, which is, that I'm writing it here and now because another game of cricket which should be progressing at Fenner's has fizzled out sadly before its time. The University, in short, have been horribly routed by Nottinghamshire, though I do not propose to dwell on the tragedy unduly.

I FEEL, indeed, some hesitance in discussing Cambridge cricket on the strength of my observations in this match. So rapidly did Larwood and Voce shoot out the University batsmen that we had no time to tell whether they were good or bad.

This may seem strange, for a batting side which is disposed of for 34 and 81 in successive innings cannot, surely, you will say, claim any distinction at all. This brings us back to Larwood and Voce; and what interesting bowlers these two are! They were, at any rate, a class better than any bowlers Cambridge had met, and their reputation alone was enough to make their opponents play unnaturally weak and nervous strokes.

LARWOOD is always a joy to watch. His action is perfect, and the thud of his left foot over the crease as he swings all his body behind the ball is magnificently menacing. As it is, he is a great bowler; but if he were a little taller he would undoubtedly be one of the greatest bowlers of all time. Voce goes into action differently, but no less venomously. As everyone knows, I imagine—though these significant details are easily forgotten—he is a left-hander, and he scares the batsman by placing three or four men in a ring at short leg. The batsman prepares for the ball which goes with his arm, and then Voce produces one which swings in late to the leg stump and whips away to take the off bail, which is unfriendly but devilishly effective. A grand bowler, Voce; he is certain to go to Australia, I think, and he and Larwood will put Notts a long way on the road towards the County Championship if the weather is at all kind to them.

The South American Skipper

C. H. Gibson, the old Etonian and Cambridge cricketer, who is captaining the South American Team, who are making their first tour in England. When at school and the 'Varsity he was a bowler much to be feared, and he still retains his skill

TO return, for a moment, to Cambridge. Their lapse against Notts may reasonably be overlooked, though there have been years, and recent years at that, in which even the Notts attack would hardly have produced such complete paralysis. They have some batsmen, nevertheless, who should certainly get runs in the 'Varsity match.

There is D. R. Wilcox, for example, who made centuries against Middlesex and Essex, and Wilcox at Dulwich was a most promising player. He appears to be fulfilling that promise now, for he is sound as well as aggressive. Then I cannot believe that A. Ratcliffe's run of bad luck will last. He seems unable to get runs at Fenner's, but until he shared in the general collapse he presented the broadest of bats to the Notts bowling. He reminded me, indeed, of his admirable stolidity at Lord's last year, and it would not be at all surprising if he troubled Oxford again. B. O. Allen, a left-hander, showed distinctly promising form, and D. M. Parry obviously might make runs in happier circumstances.

TO be honest, I would not call this a strong batting side. It contains no mature players, no batsmen of the class of H. G. Owen-Smith or B. W. Hone. For all that, there are possibilities about it, though I should be prepared to back Oxford to score more heavily.

As for the bowling, here the Universities are strangely contrasted. Oxford have no reliable bowlers above medium pace, whereas Cambridge have R. C. Rought-Rought and K. Farnes, both fast-medium, but no slow spinners, with the exception of A. G. Hazlerigg himself, and Hazlerigg does not appear to be as accurate as he was last summer.

Against Notts, in fact, the Cambridge attack was decidedly unimpressive. There was too little variety about it, for of the only four bowlers in the side, three were fast-medium. Farnes, when the wicket helps him, may be useful, and so may Rought-Rought, who has slowed down since he first appeared for Cambridge, and now varies his pace, and tries to turn the ball. A. G. Pelham has some good performances to his credit, but he did not look to me to be much more than a straight up-and-down bowler, though certainly the wicket was unusually lifeless.

THE point is that Hazlerigg will have to find some more bowlers. He needs another spinner or two, and if he can discover a left-hander, so much the better. He may try D. K. Milman, who did great things for Uppingham last year, and took some wickets in the Freshman's match. He is bound, at any rate, to make experiments, and perhaps for that reason it is too early to criticise the Cambridge attack.

Perhaps it is also too early to censure the Cambridge fielding, which was inclined to be spiritless and slipshod when I was watching. This, no doubt, will improve, and I think J. T. Comber will do well enough behind the wicket. He is decidedly better than he was last season, when he was apt to snatch, and it is interesting to note that he is apparently more at home in taking the ball on the leg side, a curious preference.

A WORD, finally, about Keeton, the young Notts opening batsman, who made a double century at Fenner's. He came into the Notts side last summer, and is definitely a promising player. He is hardly exciting to watch, but his game is firmly grounded on the right principles. His style is a trifle loose, not from the defensive point of view, but in execution.

His strokes, that is to say, are not made compactly, but rather jerkily, though they are none the less safe and effective. He hits the ball hard, too, and I think we may hear considerably more of him in time to come.

It is only right and proper, incidentally, that one of the best stroke players in the Notts team should be young G. V. Gunn, son of the peerless George. Young Gunn has much of his father's ease and fluidity of style, and the family tradition should be safe in his keeping for many years.

Summer Shell petrol is specially blended to
give the best results under Summer conditions

but his Lady has no doubts
She is Sure of Shell

This nobleman is wondering
what he can be sure of in these days—

The Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, D.S.O., M.P., Deputy Master of the Guild, with M. Henri Robida on the left, Mlle. Bouchére, M. Paul Codos, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wingfield. The two French pilots brought over their Bréguet on which they flew from Indo-China to Paris in 3½ days. Mr. Wingfield is Clerk to the Guild of Air Pilots, for whose Endowment Fund the Display was given

With the Guild of Air Pilots at Brooklands

By Captain C. E. Ward

Flying in the Rain

In spite of rain and low clouds, the display organised by the Guild of Air Pilots at Brooklands was attended by several thousand people and was voted by the "regulars" as the best event of the flying season to date. Congratulations to Captain H. D. Davis, a Warden of the Guild, who arranged the flying programme, and to Flight-Lieut. R. C. Preston, Secretary of the Committee; Brooklands, with its new club-house set in front of the hangars, is an ideal aerodrome for any kind of flying, whether it be aerobatics, pylon racing, formations, or just joy-riding. Perhaps its setting amongst the trees has something to do with the attraction of the place, but, whatever it is, those who made the journey to watch the Guild Display were rewarded by as fine and varied an exhibition as could be desired. Excellent arrangements for announcing and describing the programme enabled the order of events to be varied according to weather conditions, and popular broadcast music accompanied the heaviest showers of rain. The parade of light aeroplanes took place during a minor rainstorm and I suppose Flight-Lieut. R.A.C. Brie was the only pilot of an open-type machine who could keep dry, being protected by the revolving umbrella of his Autogiro. Incidentally, I learnt from the programme that the C.19 Mark IV. type is sold at £1050, and the cabin two-seater at £2200.

The High-Speed Events

Individual items were started by the usual polished performance on the Autogiro by Flight-Lieut. Brie, who concluded with a slow-motion tennis-court landing. The Hawker "Fury" in the hands of Flight-Lieut. P. W. S. Bulman, chief test pilot to his company, gives one an uncanny thrill, not so much by its stupendous sense of power, but because of the ease with which it performs evolutions that are impossible on any ordinary aerobatic machine. The Fairey "Firefly" Mark III. piloted by Flight-Lieut. Staniland, gave equal pleasure. Both of these machines are fitted with Rolls-Royce engines fully supercharged, their speed exceeds 200 miles an hour at 15,000 feet, yet they can fly slowly enough to formate with a school of Moths. The pylon race was reminiscent of days before the war, when Brooklands and Hendon were centres of attraction for the new sport of flying. The Comper Swift lapping at 130, and the Autogiro turning almost in its own length are completely unlike any of the early machines on which the pioneers made their names. Which reminds me that Pegoud startled England in 1912 by looping the loop at Brooklands, a feat which introduced aerobatic flying to the whole world. That its possibilities are not yet exhausted was obvious from the display of flight-drill by three machines of No. 1 Squadron, R.A.F., whose pilots gave us some idea of what to expect at Hendon when the Royal Air Force is at home to the public on June 25.

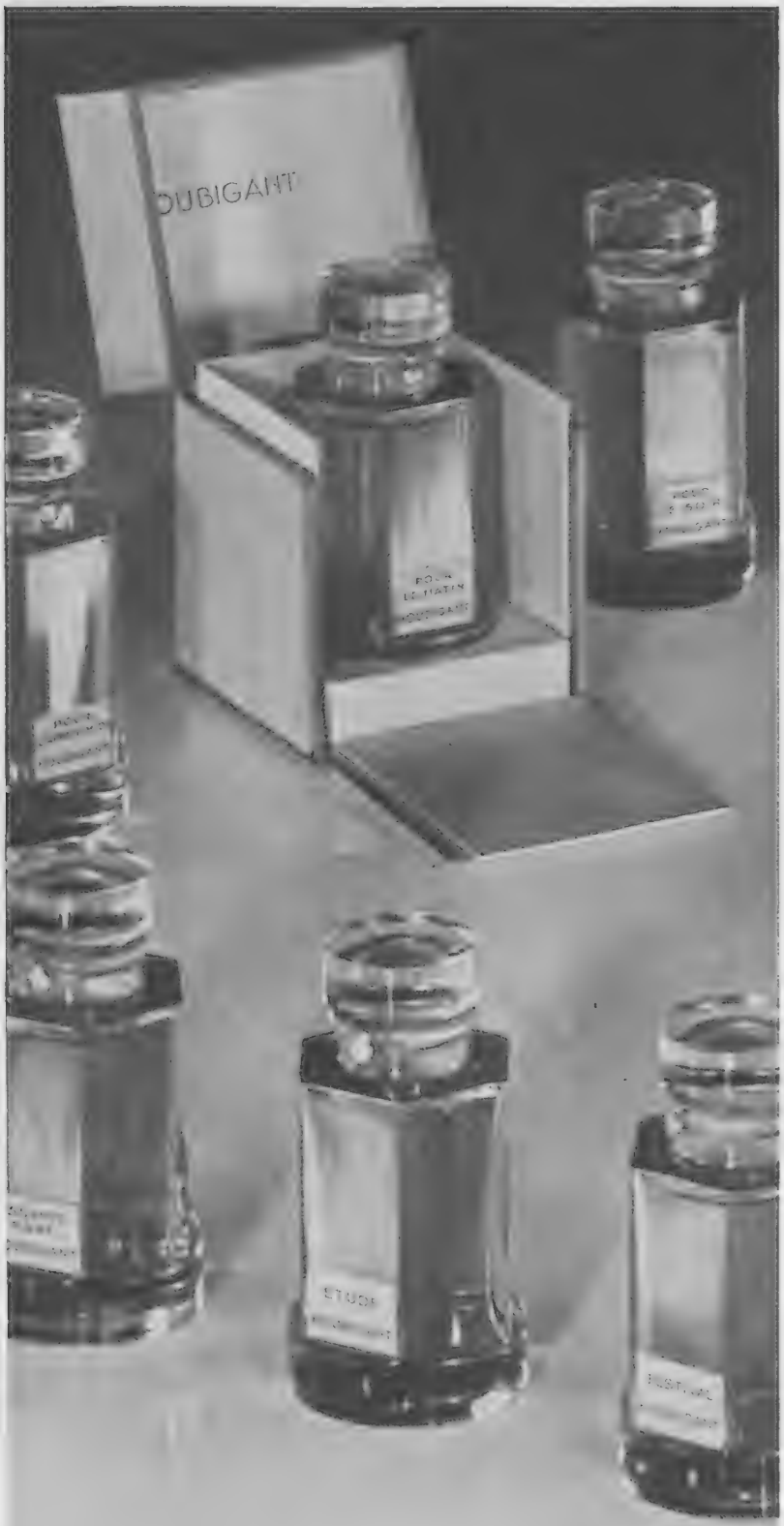
Miss Amelia Earhart, at Brooklands, being welcomed to the Guild of Air Pilots' Display by Mr. Percy Bradley, the manager of the aerodrome (centre), and Flight-Lieut. R. C. Preston, who, with Capt. H. D. Davis, organised the meeting. Miss Earhart flew from Heston in a Puss Moth piloted by Mr. Gordon Selfridge junr.

L'Entente Cordiale

Of the civil machines which took part, there were the familiar Moths of all kinds, Avians, Spartans, Bluebirds, the Comper Swift and the Redwing. Flight demonstrations were given of several commercial machines, notably the Ford tri-motor, the Spartan Mailplane, which Captain Stack is taking to India quite soon, and the Lockheed Vega, an American high-performance passenger or mail carrier. This latter was the identical machine on which the late Commander Glen Kidston flew to Cape Town, and it holds the London-Paris record of 72 minutes from airport to airport. Miss Amelia Earhart, who arrived at the Display by air, piloted by Mr. Gordon Selfridge junr., in Mr. Denman's Puss Moth, colour-scheme by MacFisheries, flew the Atlantic in a Vega, which is still one of the world's fastest commercial machines. A further international touch to the afternoon was imparted by the arrival of the Air Union fleet from Croydon, three "Golden Ray" air liners in formation, accompanied by a Bréguet of their Rapid Azure service and led by M. Paul Codos and M. Henri Robida flying the record-breaking Bréguet. The climax of a most interesting afternoon was an unrehearsed event—six large feathered bipeds, possibly jealous of the attention paid to their mechanical rivals, flew slowly across the aerodrome in perfect formation; they received the ovation of the day.

A Correction

The omission of a comma in the caption under a picture taken at Woodley Aerodrome, Reading, and published in our 5th Annual Flying Number, on page 390, made it appear that Mr. C. O. Powis was formerly managing director of his company, Messrs. Phillips and Powis, whereas, of course, he is at the head of the enterprise, and responsible for the good work which has been put in at the School and the service station.



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Books of the Day

Ducal Memoirs : A New Belloc-Chesterton : By "Junius"

I WONDER if the Duke of Manchester is quite correct when he tells us in *My Candid Recollections* (Grayson ; 21s.), that a "Court of Honour" condemned a young man who had drunk too much at a dinner-party in Mayfair, to "go out to the Boer War and see to it that you do not return ! If you cannot live like a gentleman, at least die like one." The Duke says that the young man volunteered immediately, and later was reported "killed in action."

My doubt as to the extremity of this punishment is supported by the Duke saying that the late Sir George Holford "purchased Dorchester House in Park Lane as a town residence." A bad slip, this. Sir George inherited the now-vanished Dorchester House, together with Westonbirt, in Gloucestershire, from his father, the famous art collector.

The Duke, who is fifty-five, is emphatic in his opinion that the society of his youth and earlier manhood was infinitely more pleasant than the society of to-day, and that we have no women now to compare in looks and charm with the Victorian and Edwardian beauties of the great world. He is equally emphatic in his opinion that "Morally, financially, politically, Britain is galloping to decline."

Amongst many interesting sidelights on social events in olden days, he tells us that it was his twin sisters, Lady Alice and Lady Mary Montagu, who made the historic remark, "Oh, piggy-wiggy !" to Queen Victoria when they saw her "picking" a chicken-bone in her fingers at luncheon. The Duke of Manchester has led a very varied life.

"The Startling of Mr. Tartle"

One of the many amusing drawings provided by G. K. Chesterton to illustrate Hilaire Belloc's new political satire, "The Postmaster-General," reviewed on this page

IF you will join hands with Mr. Hilaire Belloc, you can step forward to 1960. In that year, he tells us in *The Postmaster-General* (Arrowsmith ; 7s. 6d.), Wilfrid Halterton took that office in "Mrs. Boulger's second administration." The book is a riot of fun, to which point is given by Mr. G. K. Chesterton's illustrations, which, as usual, bubble with humour, particularly in "Three Studies of Lord Papworthy, Permanent Minister of Fine Arts," and "Financier Keeping a Cautious Eye on a Statesman."

Mr. Halterton, shortly after taking office, is involved innocently in a very shady business concerning a contract for Television, over which he is badly deceived by a financier, James Haggismuir McAuley, and in the House of Commons is "compelled to affirm that he had not received monies which, in sober truth, he had not received." It is all a world of Belloc fantasy, and you thoroughly enjoy the extravagances of his puppets. Therefore, when Mr. Belloc suddenly becomes serious and tells the early life of the Lithuanian Jew, Aaron Levina, who afterwards blossoms out as Arthur Lawson, a millionaire, you have a little difficulty in getting back to the atmosphere of the story when the fantasy begins again. But, except for this serious patch, which is touchingly written, *The Postmaster-General* is in the very best Belloc-Chesterton manner.

THE last person in the world I should have expected to write a gardening-book is Mr. Beverley Nichols, but in *Down the Garden Path* (Jonathan Cape ; 7s. 6d.), he has given us one of the most diverting books of its kind we have had since *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. As a background for its humours, there is real love and knowledge of gardens unusual in so young a man. You would not imagine that the author of *Evensong* and *Crazy Pavement* could wax lyrical over the bud and blossoming of his flowers and the planting of a wood. But Mr. Nichols does wax lyrical, and in exactly the right spirit, not with sloppy sentimentality. Most garden-lovers will agree with him when he says "A garden is the only mistress who never fails, who never fades."

Mr. Nichols modestly disclaims much garden-knowledge, but gardeners will be grateful for the list of plants with which he makes his borders gay in the winter. Mr. Rex Whistler's decorations are charming, so is the picture, on the inside cover, of Mr. Nichols's cottage and garden in Huntingdonshire.

IN *Unicorn*, Miss Margaret Steen told the story of a small German principality, and the fortunes of its deposed sovereign. In *The Wise and Foolish Virgins* (Gollancz ; 7s. 6d.), she has gone to the other end of the social scale, and not, I'm afraid, with the same success. Yet, such is her skill, that she makes even the drab world in which she has placed her characters interesting, and the mental processes of the little heroine, Catharine Malley, are actual, although at moments you feel the girl has a deeper reasoning power than would be possible at her age.

THE most experienced reader of mystery stories would be baffled to discover the murderer in *Shot in the Dark* (Hodder and Stoughton ; 7s. 6d.), by Gerard Fairlie, a most cleverly-constructed story of crime. An old man, an invalid, is found shot. All the evidence points to suicide, and such is the verdict given at the inquest. After the funeral, when the lawyer is to read the will to the man's sister, brother, nephew, and adopted daughter, instead of the will, he produces a gramophone record made by the dead man, declaring he has been murdered.

At this moment a golf-ball comes crashing through the window. The hitter of the ball follows it, and from that moment the mystery begins. He is a detective of the Sherlock Holmes type, and under his questioning you suspect every person in the room in turn. I must not say any more for fear of spoiling Mr. Fairlie's startling effect.

THE mental processes by which a young priest came to resign Holy Orders are graphically described in *The Apology of a Young Ex-Parson* (Duckworth ; 10s.), by Richard Blake Brown.

The book is Mr. Blake Brown's diaries during his diaconate in the big parish of St. Mary's, Portsea, and his priesthood in a Kentish village. After reading them, you come to the conclusion that he was right in giving up Orders, for obviously he had not the "call." From the diaries, too, you get the impression that his first attraction to the Church was more concerned with phylacteries and beautiful services than the purely spiritual side. However, there is a picture of the life led by the clergy in a large—and in places squalid—parish which is interesting.

BOOKS of short stories seem to be coming into fashion again. Here is *Madam Julia's Tale* (Gollancz ; 7s. 6d.), by Naomi Royde-Smith. All the stories have this writer's delicacy of touch, her subtle suggestion of character and situation rather than explanation, which is the distinguishing atmosphere of all her work. The first four stories deal with the occult, and may be taken as supporting "the belief in the continuance of human personality after death." The second story in the book, *The Pattern*, is a model of its kind. Here Miss Royde-Smith has taken lives and deaths and arranged them like a pattern, with gentle pathos and not a little irony.

Reflecting Age and Quality . . .

THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

Martell's
Cordon Bleu

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

The Championship and The Walker Cup

How very grateful the members of the Selection Committee of our Walker Cup side must feel to the amateur golfers of this country! When the Amateur Championship started last week, they still had two places in the side to fill, and they had already announced their intention of filling these two places on the results of the Championship. But when making this announcement they must have realised that all sorts of difficulties were liable to beset them in view of the fact that championships are proverbially unsatisfactory as representative of true form—always, of course, with the exception of the winner.

However, the present English champion, Eric Fiddian, followed up his success of a month ago at Sandwich, and reached the final—there to lose to a golfer inferior to himself in John de Forest. It must not be thought that I am in any way belittling de Forest's success. I can only say that it is my firm opinion—and not only mine but also that of many others—that if the pair met every day for a week, de Forest would come out the lower in many more matches than he would win.

That was one place filled, and the second was equally easy, for de Forest not only won this Championship, he has behind him a most imposing record. He won the Surrey Championship last year and he was also a finalist in the Amateur Championship last year, losing only by one hole to Eric Martin Smith; and, after all, what more can a man do than reach the final of the Amateur Championship twice running, no matter with what result, in these years when competition is so very much keener than it has ever been before?

John de Forest has been laid open, and has laid himself open, to criticism.

In the first case (I speak regretfully), his father has been no help to his popularity. I suppose it is indisputable that a very rich man can do what he likes with his money; and I suppose it is equally indisputable that the son of a very rich man need do no work. It is very well known that John de Forest's father has practically insisted that he should play golf and do nothing else; but it is not so well-known that John de Forest once struck, not because he lost interest in golf, but because he was awakened to a sense of proportion and a respect for himself. It cannot be too widely known that at one time in his career John de Forest drove a van in an attempt to make good, and if this particular venture into business was unsuccessful, it was no fault of the lad himself. That was the first time that I, personally, doffed to John de Forest.

In the second case, John de Forest is a very highly-strung person, and this temperament, with which, after all, he was born and for which he cannot be blamed, has led him to be a very slow player of the game of golf. Bernard Darwin, member of the Selection Committee and prince of writers on the game (there is no king), has said of John de Forest's slowness that it is caused by the fact that he cannot start his club on the upswing until he feels that the moment is right, which means that, like Sandy Herd, there may be as many as fourteen waggles before the moment comes. Far be it from me to quarrel with any dictum laid down by Bernard Darwin, but, all the same, I think that John de Forest's slowness comes more from an over-deliberation on the greens than from delay in playing the shot.

But it must be conceded to de Forest that last year, in the final, he hastened his normal pace to such an extent that very likely it cost him the Championship, and therefore it is no wonder that, realising this fact, he should play his own game this year. He knew that he was in for criticism by so doing—and this is the second time that I doff to him.

FINALLY, I can say no more than that John de Forest is a very worthy champion indeed, for that is only a half-hearted description of a man who reaches the final in one year, to lose it, perhaps, because he bowed to criticism, and yet wins it in the next. John de Forest's selection to the final place in the Walker Cup side, therefore, became automatic.

At the same time as the Selection Committee announced the names of Fiddian and de Forest to fill the two remaining places in the team, it also stated that Tony Torrance was to captain the side. Many weeks ago, the British public had assumed that this appointment would be made—so much so, that the daily Press freely mentioned Torrance as the already-appointed Captain—but it was not until last week that this appointment became fact. There are very few who will quarrel with it. Torrance's performances in previous matches against America have been better than those of any other Englishman. Secondly, Torrance is a senior member of the side and is well known and popular in America. There can be no doubt that the side led by him is just about as good a one as we can send and, equally, there is no doubt but that he should be able to inspire his men not merely with a patriotic fervour which may lead them to success, but also with a loyalty to himself which will make them play in the match as well as they know how.

NOW, what of those who are not in the team? I have persistently referred to J. H. Thompson as a man who ought to be playing for us. I have also stated, in no measured terms, that C. V. L. Hooman should be included. Well, let us be fair. I am not a member of the Selection Committee. I have not the opportunities of the Selection Committee to examine form and to watch the players in important events. If I say now that I think Hooman and Thompson should be playing instead of two who are selected, I am merely pulling the trigger of the pistol I am aiming at the pianist. I do think, though, that those selected should give the Selection Committee the benefit of their performances in open competition.

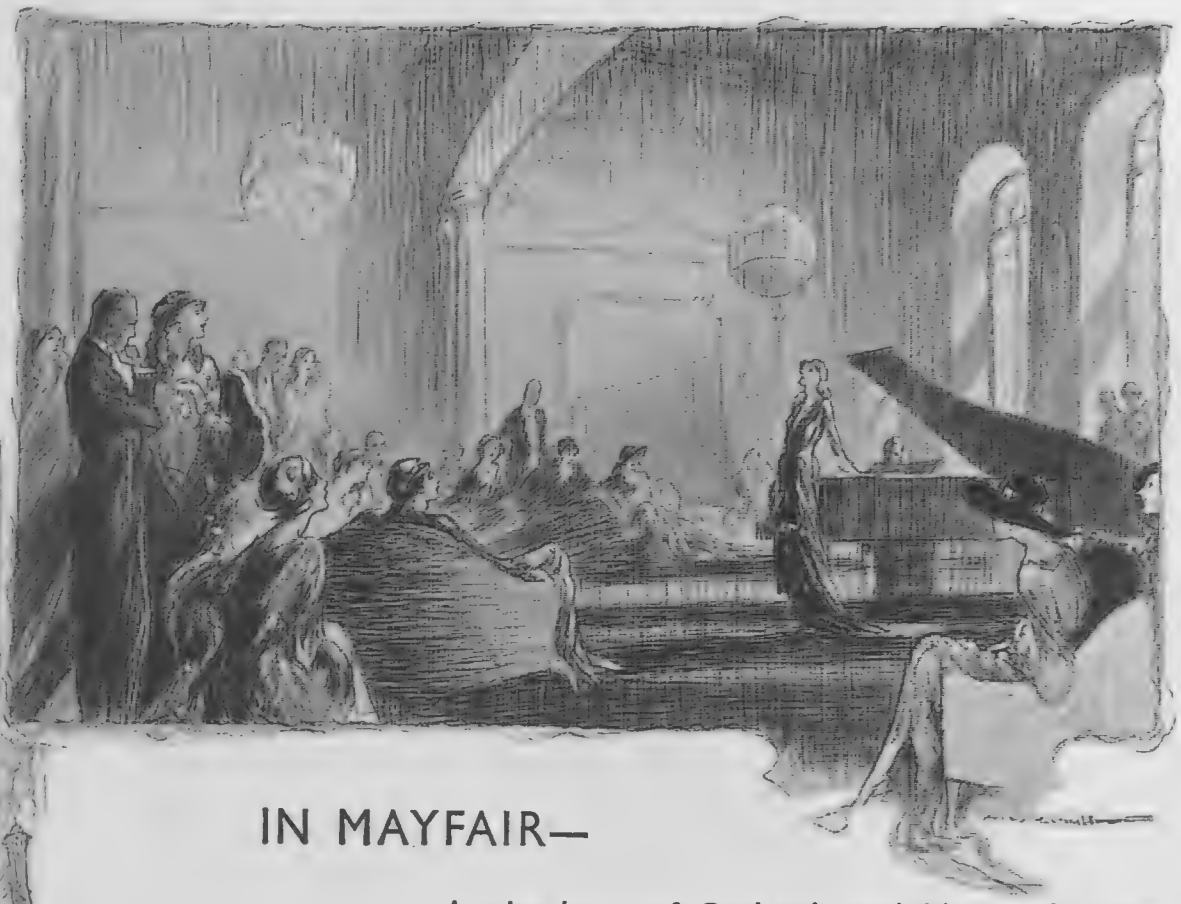
John de Forest

With the cup of victory, after defeating Eric Fiddian in the Open Amateur Golf Championship

Eric Fiddian

The runner-up in a match which was a record in slow-motion golf

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN



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Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

At the Fishing International Championship on Loch Leven: Lord Glanusk (left) the captain of the Welsh team, with two of his men, Captain Piggot and Mr. Piggot

The Fishing International Championship

Some of the sixty-four fishermen, representing Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales, who competed for nine hours on Loch Leven for the International Fishing Championships of this famous Scottish trout loch

SOME kind soul has relieved me of my sodden mackintosh. I have changed my shoes and put on dry socks. I have, moreover, remembered the medicinal properties of whisky, and only my umbrella, dripping disconsolately in a corner, remains to remind me that the pageant of summer—what a phrase!—is in full swing.

The pageantry is mainly supplied by sport of one kind and another. I don't know whether we can truly say that there is any pageantry about the Open Golf Championship, which goes its grim way just now at Sandwich, but May Week begins at Cambridge to-day, the Richmond Horse Show opens to-morrow, and on Saturday the ladies of Great Britain and America do battle at Wimbledon for the Wightman Cup.

IT all promises very well, and Cambridge should be a particularly pleasant place during the next few days. I shall go there myself, for not only will the riverside activities be interesting, but the University cricket team are playing the Indians, and I should like to see Captain C. K. Nayudu arousing some interest at Fenner's.

He will have his work cut out, for the people of Cambridge apparently find University cricket very boring. Twenty spectators are a crowd at Fenner's, and usually a dull, lethargic crowd at that. Why this should be so I don't know, for I refuse to side with those who maintain that cricket is losing its hold upon the man in the street.

When the sun is shining, and this is the root of the matter, there are as many people as ever there were who will enjoy watching the game simply as a quiet and healthy relaxation from the bedlam of modern life. The trouble is that the sun has been shy, and as a result the counties have already lost, roughly, £12,000 during the opening month of the season. Counties like Derbyshire and Worcestershire must be in serious difficulties.

I had hoped, incidentally, to see Worcestershire playing the South Americans, but the lovely Worcester ground was under water, and the match had to be abandoned. These South Americans shape very well; they are by no means up to Test cricket standard, but they have some decidedly useful batsmen.

ONE more malediction on the weather, and then I have done. The telegram announcing the appearance of the May-fly duly arrived, and forthwith I dashed to Waterloo, dreaming of monster trout. The fly was up, certainly, but, in Mr. Chesterton's admirable words:

J. E. Lovelock (Oxford University) who, in the match against the amateur Athletic Association, broke the existing British record of 4 min. 16⅘ sec. by no less than 4⅘ secs. on the Iffley Road Track

The Big Fight Surprise

Larry Gains, the negro boxer from Canada, won an unexpected victory on points over Primo Carnera last week at the White City. The picture shows an incident in the fight, with Carnera parrying a vicious attack by Gains towards the end of this quite exciting contest

"The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell
blinding off the brink
As if it would wash the stars away as suds
go down a sink,
The seven heavens came roaring down for
the throats of hell to drink."

Tons of Money

The Derby Winner and His Owner

Left: Tom Walls, owner of April the Fifth, the Derby winner, who, himself, is an amateur rider. Right: Tom Walls, actor-manager, looking through field-glasses as a change from being looked at through opera-glasses. Below: The finish of the Derby, when April the Fifth won on the 1st of June

April the Fifth (F. Lane up), being led in by his owner

Above: Tom Walls offering his heartiest congratulations to his "leading gentleman" after the curtain had been rung down on Derby Day

Left: "The tumult and the shouting dies." April the Fifth, an Epsom-trained horse, entirely unconcerned, quietly nibbling the grass in the paddock on being led in

Sport with the Lid Off

Continued from page 496

A Player of Promise

Price, the young Middlesex professional who, with Hulme, who scored a century, saved the second innings against Gloucestershire from collapse by scoring eighty-three. The photograph shows Price batting vigorously

A CATARACT it was indeed, for never have I known such rain. It reduced my hat to a pulp; it poured down my neck and into my waders; it made my flies and my line sink; for some peculiar reason it put the fish down, and as a culminating and entirely shattering blow, it reached my tobacco and matches, so that I could not even smoke my troubles away. Still, I managed to enjoy myself hugely all the same. A small trout found his way into my bag—poor, ignorant beastie; a larger one—much, much larger—felt the point of my hook, and I caught a gargantuan chub. The real fisherman says unsympathetic things about the chavender or chub, accusing him of being a dull, spiritless, loggerhead fellow. So he is, maybe, on some streams, but mine was a monarch among chub, and I still can feel the shock of seeing his enormous thick back as he took my fly in a head-and-tail rise. He went off like a battle-ship when I struck, and took me thirty yards down stream, fighting every inch of the way, before most of him was scooped into my totally inadequate net. And mighty handsome he looked, the grand, bronze fish, stretched out on a throne of rushes, though he was naturally not in perfect condition, and I only killed him because my instructions were to remove all chub from the water.

I SEE that already the jackals are yapping about the cost of the Olympic Games. Sportsmen, we are told, are asking whether it is worth while spending £9000 on sending a British team to Los Angeles. Sportsmen are asking nothing of the kind, but are subscribing instead to the funds, and as the British party is being financed entirely by voluntary contributions, those critics who have not put their hands in their pockets had better mind their own business. As it is, the subscription list is not nearly so heavy as had been hoped, and the number of British competitors has been reduced by half.

MR. EVAN HUNTER, the British Olympic Association secretary, tells me that economy is being studied in every possible way, and I hope we shall be able to send out a worthy team. The critics mostly base their arguments on the fact that there was a certain amount of bad feeling between competitors of different nationalities in the 1928 Olympiad. This has been greatly exaggerated, and men who were competing at Amsterdam have assured me that the value of the games is immeasurable. As Lord Burghley said the other day, if those who criticise the movement would only give their energies to supporting it intelligently, they would do a good deal for world peace and understanding.

A. P. F. Chapman took a day off from first-class cricket to indulge in the delights of going horse-racing. He is seen here with Mrs. Chapman at Epsom on Derby day

AND now about Larry Gains, the Canadian negro, who was given the verdict on points against Primo Carnera at the White City last week. Did Gains really win? Clearly the crowd thought so, but that was sentimentality of the David and Goliath order. Actually there was very little in it. Gains was flashy, clever, and aggressive, and his aggression just tipped the scales in his favour. Much of it was wasted, however, and Carnera scored frequently with his left hand. Unfortunately Carnera still pulls his punches and hits with the open glove, but there were moments when the sheer weight of his blows smashed through Gains's defence, and made me wonder what would have happened if Carnera had decided to fight.

STILL, Gains was awarded the verdict, and that is the end of it. Now, I suppose, he will be running after a world's title, and a lucky fellow he is to be in such a position, for he must be thirty-five years old at least. He deserves his luck, anyway, since he is a first-rate negro, and a most popular one, too.

Twice Running

Miss Enid Wilson holding the Championship Cup, with the runner-up in the Open Golf Championship, Miss C. Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, on her right, and Mrs. Clarke, one of the semi-finalists, on her left. This is the second year in succession that Miss Enid Wilson has won the Championship

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Viyella DAY & NIGHT WEAR

England's Unexplored Shooting-Grounds

Thrills for the Asking

By Max Baker

Some of the interested spectators at the Amateur Golf Championship. Colonel Guy Speir (standing): sitting in the foreground, Miss Evelyn Baird and Miss Speir

The Open Men's Amateur Golf Championship

Taking it easy at Muirfield while the Amateur Golf Championship was being played. Sir Duncan Hay, Bart., and Mrs. Galbraith

THIS year a great many shooters have been compelled to forego their sport, in the process denying themselves something that has become part of their life and the source of its finest sensations. Alternatives are available, but they will miss what is special about shooting more than anything else—its close contact with Nature.

My purpose at the moment is to suggest a form of shooting which necessitates no payment of rent and none for services, yet is endowed with unlimited supplies of game for at least eight months out of the twelve. All this is true of the wood-pigeon. It invites and almost compels attention from the early part of July right away till March or April, when the big flocks disappear by migration or break up into breeding pairs. Farmers are glad to have them shot, and will welcome any trustworthy person on their land whose efforts to shoot them at least result in effective scaring. The chances they offer are a revelation to the artist in marksmanship, provided he is willing to master the technique, not of their pursuit, but of bringing them to the gun.

THE humble pot-hunter who buys his cartridges by the dozen is compelled by lack of skill to hide where he may shoot them perched on a tree or feeding on the ground. True sporting enthusiasm is his, but real shooting needs practice as well as keenness.

Till a year ago I had never done any serious pigeon-shooting, but, having been asked to assist in promoting a wider extension of this sport, incidentally helping the farmer, I sought competent advice and discovered there were two essentials—(1) good hides, which you must learn to make; and (2) good decoys, which you buy. A life-long addiction to experimental mechanics in several branches led me to try and improve on the specimens normally available. By logical stages I travelled from flat profiles to a curved shell, representing the upper and visible half of the bird; to obtain a non-shiny surface I clothed the shell with rag; to impart life-like motion was a problem that solved itself, since the hollow shape simply begged to be mounted on a pivot. This provided, it was free to see-saw and bob in the breeze, for all the world like the greedy original hard at work destroying the farmer's crops. Painting was difficult, but at the finish produced some wonderful results; nothing wonderful to look at, but wonderful judging by the way real birds dive out of the sky to join their imagined confrères. The first thousand which have been sold are not equal to the latest samples, but even they work marvels. The reason why is that you can carry six in the space of one of the solid kind, and so lay out a whole covey in a single minute, retreating then to your ambush to await events.

OFTEN you are barely settled down before arrivals begin. To shoot through a gap, of necessity restricted, at birds circling, crossing, down-planing, and oft-times twisting at the scent of danger, is to discover thrills that are not surpassed, if equalled, in other gun-work. Apart from comparisons, the indubitable fact is that the wood-pigeon and its lesser congener, the stockdove, commonly misdescribed as the blue rock, offer really fine sport unlike any other obtainable in England.

AND the humble instrument that opens up this new vista is the decoy which luck guided me to produce. As the royalty was by me fixed at the nominal figure of one half-penny apiece, it will be obvious to all, I hope, fame rather than pelf must be my objective.

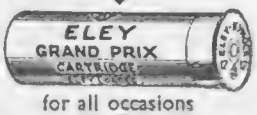
NOT for everybody, of course, is to seek out a convenient piece of territory, learn where the crops are at the moment being plundered by pigeons, survey the ground, choose a spot for laying decoys, enter a neighbouring ditch, secateurs in hand, and, by a process of clipping, dig oneself in, gradually opening up enough space to swing a gun across the piece of sky above the decoys. A comfortable seat, added later, offers opportunity for rest and observation of a very entertaining kind, the while eagerly alert for the moments that will be crowded with a whole series of emotions.

GRANTING some remnant of the back-woodsman instinct, the trimmings of the sport are every bit as alluring as the actual gun-work. The decoys do not make success a certainty, they only make it possible. They exploit the one weak spot of a very wary bird; in a way they turn it into a fool, but it remains a very clever and always a suspicious fool.

HUMAN versus pigeon brains make an evenly-contested match, but with this encouraging feature—that mankind can learn the game quicker than the pigeon. That is why some people get stupendous bags. It is a beautiful contest, besides being real practical politics now that six decoys weigh less than a couple of pounds and can be carried saddlewise over the forearm.

WOODPIGEONS

USE



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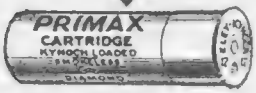

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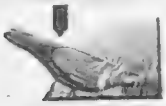

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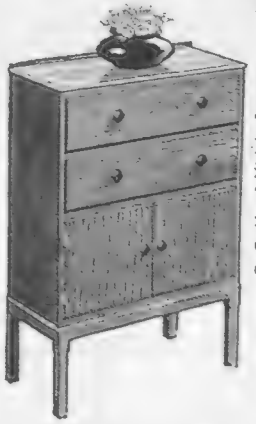

The illustration shows a very charming Bedroom Suite, beautifully constructed in limed oak, with coloured mouldings. The Suite, comprising: 3 ft. 6 in. wardrobe; 3 ft. dressing chest; 2 ft. 3 in. chest cupboard and dressing chair complete, for **£29-17-6**

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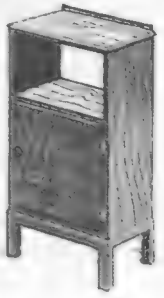

Pedestal Cupboard
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CVS—66

Cars with a Personality:

No. 6. A New M.G. The 6-Cylinder "Magna"

By

The Earl of Cardigan

Exceptionally clean and pleasing lines are a feature of the new M.G. "Magna." Owing to the low build of the chassis, running boards are dispensed with, and neat cycle-type wings are employed

Owing to the large bonnet area, seen below, accessibility is unusually good. A very convenient feature is the grouping of the grease-gun nipples at a point where they can be attended to in comfort

The arrangement of the controls is unusual, but highly practical. The stubby gear-lever comes readily to the hand. Beyond the racing type hand-brake are the throttle and mixture controls

Although primarily a sports car, the new M.G. is well equipped to give protection in all weathers. The wide signalling flap in the side screen is a point which drivers will appreciate

For Comfort as well as Speed

Another illustration of the Magna's low, raking build. Having central control, the car is very easy to enter or leave on either side

THERE must be very few firms better qualified than the M.G. Company to turn out a small car capable of really convincing performance on the open road. The makers of the deservedly popular "Midget" have already gained striking success in this branch of motoring. Now, with the somewhat larger and more ambitious "Magna" model, they have invaded the 12-h.p. class with a highly efficient light six-cylinder machine.

The new car, to my way of thinking, has only one fault—I may as well mention it at once, before proceeding to analyse its numerous virtues. The dimensions of the chassis are just large enough to suggest the fitting of four-seater coachwork, and just not large enough to enable four full-grown adults to dispose their legs luxuriously. The result is that although four passengers can be, and are, accommodated, the maximum degree of comfort is seldom achieved in the back seats, and not always in the front ones.

APART from this, the "Magna" is a truly admirable specimen of the small sports car. With its ultra-low build, it has all the appearance of power and speed, and its performance is as satisfying as its looks. A remarkably lively little engine, incorporating two carburetters and an overhead camshaft, provides a fine turn of speed, while being very flexible and singularly free from vibration or objectionable noise.

The four-speed gearbox has been well designed, for the ratios are all nicely spaced and pleasantly simple to engage. The range of speed in top gear is from about 5 to over 70 m.p.h., and in third gear from 3 or 4 to over 50 m.p.h. Acceleration is rapid and certain, and the exhaust note, without being aggressive, is agreeably deep and vigorous.

A VERY good point is the unusually high cruising speed which this little car possesses. High maximum speed in itself is not enough; it is effortless running on about three-quarter throttle which enables good time to be made over long distances The "Magna" will cruise very happily at 50 m.p.h.—this being the speed to which it settled down when I was at the wheel—and gives the impression that it is quite prepared to run at 60 m.p.h. without unduly exerting itself.

The car's road-holding qualities are, as one might expect, above the average. The very low centre of gravity is an obvious advantage, added to which is excellent steering, springing which is good at low, and very good at high speeds, and a general "balance" of weight distribution which makes high-speed driving not only practicable, but also agreeable and easy.

With efficient braking and generally good accessibility, the sporting owner-driver will assuredly find that he has been well catered for. The new M.G., in fact, is a thoroughly creditable addition to a range of sports cars which fulfils a very popular and well-established need.

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It is one of the strongest possible tributes to the Rolls-Royce that, much as one expects of it in advance, the fulfilment of these expectations as a result of testing the car is more complete than would be deemed possible. It possesses modern performance and it is in the manner of delivering this performance that places it on a plane altogether superior to the normal style of motor car. The detail work shows that wonderful care and forethought, and excellence of material and workmanship, which, in combination, help to explain why no other name has exactly the same meaning as Rolls-Royce to initiated and uninitiated the world over

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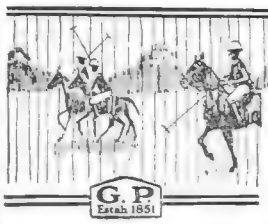

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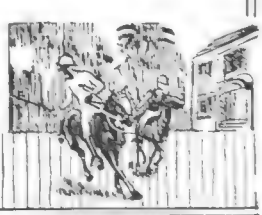

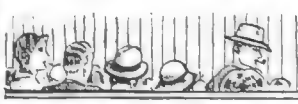

The Land of the Mid-night Sun

VIKINGS! What a word to stir the imagination, and what visions of that picturesque and sturdy race of bygone days! Therefore, who can wonder when our vessel drops anchor in one of Norway's beautiful and majestic fjords that such a country should be the mother-land of those wonderful Norsemen of the past. To the tourist, the Norway of to-day has much to commend it, especially when time and expense have to be considered; and in this respect the improvement in the matter of communication is most marked. The Bergen railway-line, a masterpiece of engineering, carries the visitor over a picturesque stretch of high fjeld well worth travelling, apart from any consideration of rapid transit from place to place. But, even to engineers as gifted as the Norwegians the field for railway development is necessarily restricted by the natural obstacles of the country. This last few years the possibilities of Norway for ski-ing enthusiasts has attracted a growing degree of attention, and annual contingents of English visitors arrive, for instance, at Finse, Geilo, and other resorts.

Tyrifjord Lake, East Norway

WHILE there is plenty to do, there is still more to appeal to the eye of the humble sightseer, for Norway is the ideal tourist country, where the magnificent landscape is of unparalleled grandeur, and is, in fact, one long transformation-scene. Norway has attractions for everyone, whether it be for the pleasure-seeker, the archæologist, the geologist, the botanist, the angler, the sportsman or the mountaineer. The hotels are equal to the best Continental establishments, the means of conveyance are numerous and comfortable; while for those who desire to recuperate their health, the pure, invigorating mountain air of a Norwegian summer should prove most beneficial.

BERGEN, a quaint old city amidst the seven mountains, is a charming town with many interesting buildings and museums. From Mount Floien, reached by the funicular railway, there is a superb view of the town; while a train journey to Trengereid and then on by motor-car to Norheimsund takes one through some of the grandest scenery in Norway. The Oslo fjord is known as the yachtsman's paradise. The capital, surrounded by magnificent scenery, the famous Bergen railway, and a new motor road across the Hardangervidda, should be a tour of special interest. The duration of such a tour can be extended to permit slower travel or a visit of a longer period at certain points, for the cost of something in the region of 15/- a day.

TOURS for 1932 have been carefully and specially arranged and range from ten days for £19 19s. to twenty-three days for £40 19s. inclusive. It is impossible to enumerate the many alternative routes through Norway's fjords and valleys, and it is wise for intending visitors to get into touch with the Norwegian State Railways, Norway House, 21, Cockspur Street, who will submit estimates for whatever itinerary is chosen and give all advice possible to the individual traveller who prefers to do the journey independently. It is well to remember that a Plan of Tour can be obtained with the tickets, an itinerary showing the distance to be travelled each day, times of steamers and trains, the excursions to be included en route, and many other hints.

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Ask your Travel Agent for this season's Official Brochure, or write to Norwegian Tourist Bureau, Norway House, 23-24 Cockspur Street, London S.W.1.

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Dingy, off-colour, unclean teeth are NOT natural! If you want proof start using this new scientific technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Overnight you will agree you were wrong. And in 3 days your teeth will be much whiter—at least 3 shades whiter.

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There is nothing in the world that cleans teeth better than Kolynos. There is no preparation quite like it. It is unique. It contains two important ingredients. One—the finest cleansing agent known—literally foams over teeth and gums and into every crevice. It washes away débris, erases tartar and removes stain. At the same time the second ingredient strikes at the source of most tooth amd gum troubles. It kills millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause discoloration, decay and gum diseases. (In tests Kolynos killed 190 million germs in 15 seconds, protected the mouth for 3 full hours.)

In this way Kolynos easily and quickly cleans teeth right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. It stimulates lazy gums and refreshes the entire mouth.

No 1 Dingy, yellow teeth are NOT natural. Prove it. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. In just three days you will see that anyone can have clean, attractive teeth. Buy a tube of this highly concentrated dental cream to-day.

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Germs invade through mouth and nose. But Liquid Kolynos is a sure safeguard. Use it as a mouthwash, gargle, and spray for the nose. About 15 drops in a third of a tumbler of water form a soothing disinfectant which kills all germs, strengthens sensitive membranes, clears the nose and throat and removes stuffiness. Get the sprinkler flask to-day, 1/9 all chemists, or post free from Kolynos (Dept. L.C.38), 12, Cheniés Street, London, W.C.1

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C.F.H

2G/24

Lost Unwanted Fat

Her Husband says she looks 5 years younger

There is a certain weight at which every woman looks her loveliest—not skinny underweight nor pendulous overweight but *normal* weight. We find artists, doctors, theatrical producers (and husbands!) all agreed upon this point. "My husband says I look five years younger," writes this lady who—thanks to her daily dose of Kruschen Salts—has unburdened her body of 18 pounds of ugly fat. Read her letter:—

"Having heard from a friend of mine that she had lost considerable weight since taking Kruschen Salts, I started using them in July last when I weighed 12 stone 9 lbs. I have lost weight steadily since then and am now 11 stone 5 lbs.—my normal weight. Moreover, I feel brighter and more energetic in every way. I have inquired of my dressmaker my measurements which in August last were:—Bust 40, Hips 43½, Waist 33½ inches. Last week they were:—Bust 38, Hips 40, Waist 31 inches, which is normal for my height, which is 5 ft. 8 in. My age is 29. My appearance has greatly improved. Superfluous fat is not conducive to a neat and smart appearance. My husband is a very severe critic. He says I look five years younger. There is no other reason for my loss of weight except Kruschen, as I do not take any particular diet."

(Mrs.) S. R., London, S.E.

Taken every morning, Kruschen effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive watery waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled, Nature will eventually store it up out of the way in the form of ugly fat. Once Kruschen gets into the blood, just sit back and watch that double chin go, those ungainly arms grow thinner, and that too-prominent abdomen disappear.

A jar of Kruschen Salts that will last four weeks costs but 1/9—take a generous half-teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

Table Tells How Much Women and Girls Should Weigh

Ladies: At Your Height and Age This Table Tells What You should Weigh in lbs. in Indoor Clothes and Shoes.

Age	5 ft.	5-1	5-2	5-3	5-4	5-5	5-6	5-7	5-8	5-9
26	118	120	122	125	128	131	135	139	143	147
28	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149
30	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150
32	121	123	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152
34	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154
36	124	126	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155
38	125	127	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	157
40	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158
42	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159
44	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161
46	131	133	136	139	142	146	151	155	159	163
48	132	134	137	140	143	147	152	156	160	164
50	133	135	138	141	144	148	153	157	162	166

Greyhound Racing

By White Citizen

You haven't been to the White City? Do you mean to say that you are not one of the nine million six hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five who have visited the greyhounds at that Stadium in the last four years? All right. We 'll go to-night, and make it nine million six hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven. You don't want to go? Why not? Because you have been told that greyhound racing is crooked; that it is not straight, in the sense that dogs are interfered with; that you can't be certain when you place your two shillings on the "Tote" that you are going to have a run for your money? Well, I can only repeat—come with me.

In the first place, the White City is easily accessible, and we have got here, as you see, very comfortably, at about half-past seven. I am taking you up to the Club, as I am a member, and we can do the thing well; but, as you can see, all around you are those who are not members of the Club having a very pleasant time as well. They have probably had their suppers before they arrived here, or have put off that important matter until the last race has been run, when they return to their homes. But they have every convenience that you are going to have, excepting that they cannot dine. The "Tote" is available to them, the bookmakers are available to them, and no inch of the course is restricted from the view of the stands and the public. What is more, these places are not overcrowded. There are probably fifty thousand people present here to-night, but, as you will notice, in this great Stadium there is room for twice that number. Come on, up these steps, through this door and to this table. What about a small one before we start?

Now, look here, before we really get busy (financially, of course, and not unconnected with the "Tote"), let me tell you exactly why you are going to have a run for your money, in spite of all that you have been told. In the first place, the dogs have been in charge of the Stadium officials for a period of time which makes it quite certain that their trainers could have done nothing to them. They will only be handed over to them again after the race is run. They are parading for the first race now. Ah, the bugles have gone! That means they are coming out on to the course. They go round in front of us, as you see. They are examined by a steward to make quite sure that all is well with them. They are now about to walk round the entire track so that everyone, even the man who only paid the smallest amount to get in, has a good view. While they do this I think we might order our dinner and make up our minds what we are going to have our money on.

Well, have you made up your mind? Personally, I shall have a shot at number two. Why? Well, I don't know the form, but I like a black dog. You can see from this programme and these tips given to us by our unknown friend Altcar, that number two is not such a bad dog, anyway, and has won a race or two before. You 're going to follow me? Good! Come along, and we 'll place our bets. Yes, it 's only a few yards from the table. This girl is operating the "Tote." Officials all around the Stadium are operating the "Tote." You can see over there the result of the bets . . . the prices at which the dogs stand. Two shillings on number two, please, Miss. Thank you. Back to our table, just as the dogs are coming into the trap. The bell goes. The hare has started to gain speed by going once round the track. As it passes the trap the gate flies open, and the dogs are off.

Come on, old lad, let 's draw our winnings. Yes, that fellow sitting next to the girl who placed our bet is paying out. Easy, isn't it? It always is easy when anything is run efficiently.

Greyhounds, under care of trainers, returning from exercise to their kennels at Northaw. Dogs from the White City and Harringay are kept here in damp-proof kennels. A hospital and modern kitchens are important features of the building

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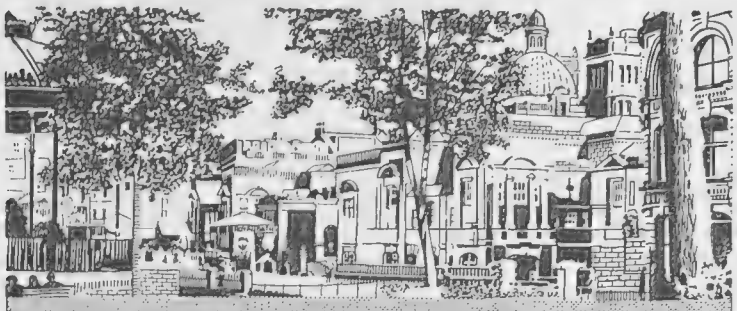

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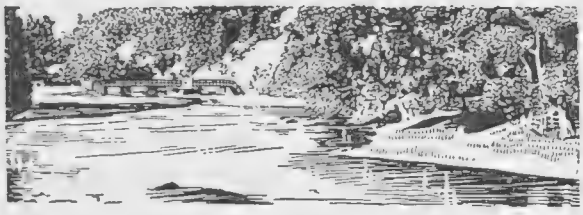

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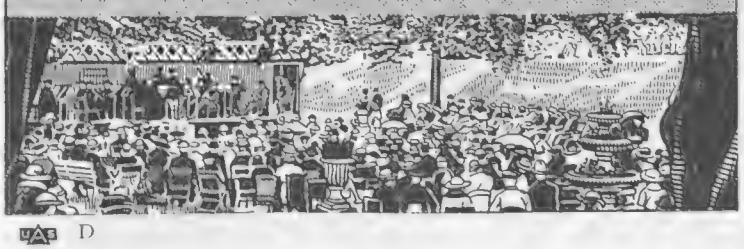

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

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A Liquid Face Mask Which Sensationally Eliminates Wrinkles and Dissipates "That Tired Look."

Almost daily the gossip writers draw our attention to mothers of grown-up daughters who, literally, look no older than the girls they are presenting and entertaining for. We have ceased to wonder at the perennial youth of stage and film stars. Even business women have discovered the importance of looking young and attractive. Considering that we live in a strenuous, even a "hectic" age, these phenomena are the more astonishing. But clues to assist those interested in solving the mystery are not far to seek! We must give credit where credit is due. It is the work of the beauty specialists, the chemists and biologists and dermatologists which is responsible. The specialists have not only made women "youth and beauty conscious," but they have given them the means of combating the assaults of that old misanthrope Father Time.

And so, to-day, women "of a certain age," women who live arduous and fatiguing lives or who brave the elements in athletic and sometimes dangerous pursuits, even women who have done "slimming cures," about which the doctors were so lugubriously prophetic, retain clear, unlined complexions and the vivacity and *joie de vivre* engendered by the consciousness that they have kept, and can keep, their beauty and charm.

The development of beauty culture is progressive. New and valuable beauty products are constantly being put on the market, but I think that one of the most sensational of recent discoveries is the *Masque Liquide* Millamor. It is not only extremely simple to use but its effect is almost instantaneous and startlingly in accord with the claims made for it. The process is first to cleanse the skin thoroughly. If grease is used for this purpose, it should be thoroughly removed before the mask is applied. A cloth wrung out in hot water and applied to the skin will open and activate the pores so that the feeding and rejuvenating elements can be more rapidly and thoroughly absorbed; but this is not absolutely necessary, as the mask itself is stimulating.

The mask should be gently spread over the face with the tips of the fingers, paying particular attention to those parts which most relentlessly show lines of worry or fatigue—that is, around the eyes, across the brow, and at the corners of the mouth. The *Masque Liquide* dries rapidly, literally forms an even, enamel-like mask, smoothing out all wrinkles and lifting all sagging muscles and tissue. It can be left on as long as desired as all the ingredients are harmless even to sensitive skins, but about fifteen minutes generally suffices for a treatment.

The mask should then be gently removed with tepid water and a final sluice with cold water is an advantage. The use of cotton-wool is always preferable to sponges and washing rags during beauty treatments. If the complexion is delicate and soft water is unobtainable, distilled water is advisable. After the *Masque Liquide* there is none of the burning and dried sensation which is the sequel to some mud masks, nor is there the danger of stretching the skin which may result from the inexpert application and removal of thick, earthy substances. The skin is left cool, soft, and refreshed, and an amazing elimination of all the fine lines and diminution of deeper lines is observable, also a freshening of the colouring, due, it is claimed, to the absorption of rejuvenating hormones, while the complexion is cleared of impurities and imperfections caused by under-nourished tissues and inactivity of pores and subcutaneous circulation.

There is no reactionary relaxation, and the mask can and should be used frequently, when a progressive rejuvenation will result.

The constituents, are, of course, secret. It is based on scientific work done in Vienna and has already had startling success in Berlin, Paris, and New York, and has been tested at a number of laboratories, among them the Australian Governmental laboratory, whose officials have given it their approval. The concessionnaire in London is Douglas, of Bond Street, and it can also be obtained at most high-class stores and chemists, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, letters addressed to the Woman Editor, "The Bystander," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will receive immediate attention.

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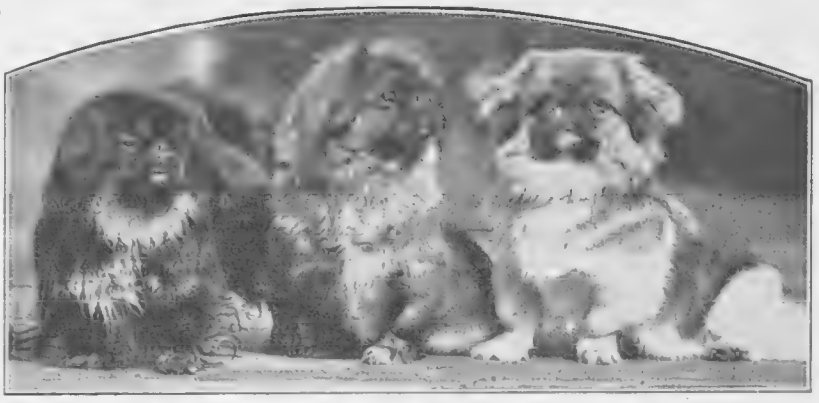
They Want Some Fun : By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE received a letter from a correspondent, asking me whether I can tell her how to prevent her dogs chasing birds. Well, I suppose that a really obedient dog would not chase birds if he were ordered not to, but I can't see that it can hurt anybody (except the birds, and that not often!) if he does run after them. Dogs must have some freedom, and the majority of women owners make the mistake of nagging at their dogs, until the wretched animals can hardly hunt a mouse without being shrieked at.

You must make up your mind what your dog may do with impunity, and what is forbidden, and, having done so, stick to it, and don't fuss the life out of him. Ordinarily, a well-behaved dog should not fight unnecessarily with other dogs; he should be obedient and come when he is called; he must not chase poultry or sheep; in fact, he should behave as a sensible member of the civilised canine community. But he must be allowed his recreations, like anybody else, and a dog who is never free to follow his own inclinations is like a husband who is henpecked. In the end, he gets tired of ceaseless supervision and goes off on his own.

I HAVE been for walks (generally with women) where, all the time, there is a ceaseless cry of "Jack, Jack," without even really observing what the animal is doing. When something that really matters happens the dog is so bored by the constant commands that he pays no attention at all. When I go walking with Alfred and Susie, they are never called unless they show signs of quarrelling with another dog, or of going in an opposite direction to what I wish. They may chase rabbits and birds galore, but they may not chase other dogs. The result of this is that when they hear me call, they know it is wiser to return at once, or else there will be some sharp and unpleasant strokes with a nice whip. But it may quite well happen that during a two hours' walk they are never once called, and that they are chasing birds all the time, so my voice is not constantly sounding in their ears.

PERHAPS, once in a blue moon, I may recall them from bird-chasing, merely to show them that if I want them they must return—"their's not to reason why" sort of idea, and they understand this perfectly.



The Popular Peke

Three prize-winning Pekes shown by Mrs. E. M. Davey, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, at the Pekinese Show held at Ranelagh

THERE is only one thing about which I own myself beaten, and that is cat-chasing. That is to say, if a cat crosses their path, they go after it without the slightest hesitation. We now have a certain armed neutrality on the subject. I never call them when they go after a cat, thus saving my face and my voice; but, on the other hand, when they return to me, they are greeted with a chilly silence, no pats, and a very wooden face. They know quite well that "we are not amused," but they don't have the satisfaction of disobeying me. I am hopeful that one day they will meet a fierce old Tom who will scratch them badly.

If they are not out together the cat is only chased as a matter of form, but when they are a pair, Susie looks at Alfred, and rubs his nose and murmurs, "Shall us? Let's!"

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The Dance List

(Continued from page 462)

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Now for some of the others on it:

Mr. Stewart Atkins, Mr. Ian Aird, Mr. Kenneth Adams' Mr. John Aennistowe, Mr. Donald Anderson, Mr. Hubert Allfrey, Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, Mr. John Barclay, Mr. George Lennox Boyd, Mr. Francis Lennox Boyd, Captain Henry Broughton, Mr. J. Backhouse, Mr. Hugo Boothby, Mr. Peter Braisey, Mr. Patrick Barrington, Mr. Andrews Balfour, Mr. Hugh Burge, Mr. Elliot Buchanan, Mr. Edward Barron, Mr. Malcolm Barcley, Mr. Robert Barclay, Mr. John Blunt, Mr. John Hope Barton, Mr. Donald Lennox Boyd, Mr. David Pleydel Bouverie, Mr. Tom Brocklebank, Mr. Robert Batt, Major Burne, Mr. Derek Crofthwaite, Mr. Chandos, Mr. Nigel Capel-Cure, Mr. John Chetwood, Lord Carlow, Lord Churston, Mr. Thomas Cook, Mr. Henry Cavendish, Mr. David Colville, Mr. Stanley Clarke, Mr. M. Shepherd Cross, Mr. Victor Creer, Mr. Robert Clive, Mr. Quintin Craig, Mr. Ian Campbell, Mr. Guy Carleton, Mr. John Chapman Walker, Mr. Gerald Charmen, Mr. Ambrose Congrebe, Mr. Carmichael, Mr. John Chandos Pole Gell, Mr. Terrence Craig, Mr. Denzil Clarke, Mr. Marcus Cheke, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Giles Baring, Mr. Maurice Drummond, M. Jacque Demain, Mr. Paul Davie, Col. Diggle, Mr. Henry Duckworth, Mr. Hereward Drysdale, Mr. Cary Darnard, Mr. John Dennison, Mr. D'Arcy Dames, Mr. Ronald Dawnay, Mr. Lionet Devitt, Mr. George de Worms, Mr. Dermont Dinan, Mr. Charles Duff, Mr. Jack Dyson, Mr. C. P. Daunay, Mr. Peter Drummond Hay, Mr. David Smith-Dorien, Mr. Cyril Egerton, Mr. Michael Fletcher, Mr. H. Fleury, Major Cecil Weld Forester, Mr. Brian Franks, Mr. G. Godfrey Faucett, Mr. Fleury, Mr. R. Fanshawe, Captain Geoffrey Fielding, Mr. David Forbes, Mr. Christopher Fuller, Mr. Bernard Gurney Fox, Mr. Derek Fisher, Lieut. R. N. Gambier, Col. C. Gordon, Mr. Thomas Leveson-Gower, Mr. John Goring, Mr. Grand d'Hauteville, Mr. Anthony Gibbs, Mr. Bernard Gibbs, Mr. Cecil Gosling, Mr. Jock Gibb, Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. A. J. Leveson-Gower, Mr. John Gurney, Mr. G. W. Glazebrook, Mr. Braydon Gilroy, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mr. T. C. Hill, Mr. Arthur Nankin, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, Mr. Horlick, Captain J. Hyde Smith, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Dennis Hill-Wood, Mr. M. Howard, Mr. David Hedley, Mr. Arnold Harrison, Mr. Robert Hoare, Mr. H. Hohler, Mr. Anthony Harford, Col. Harlar, Mr. Edward Howell, Mr. Edward Hovel, Viscount FitzHarris, Mr. Stanley Hargrove, Mr. Kenneth Hancock, Mr. Barker Hahlo, Mr. Arthur Haltry, Mr. G. S. P. Hoare, Mr. John Henning, Mr. Maurice Hare, Mr. John Howard, Mr. T. Hood, Mr. Peter Murray Hill, Mr. Dennis Iheed, Mr. David Innes-Ker, Mr. Anthony Irly, Mr. A. A. Jarvis, Mr. Patrick Johnson, Mr. Thomas James, Mr. Roger Kennaway, Mr. Wm. Keppel, Mr. Claud Knight, Mr. T. Kenny, Captain Livingstone Learmonth, Mr. Lennox Livingstone Learmonth, Mr. Charles Romer-Lee, Mr. Percy Legard, Mr. Peter Lubbock, Mr. R. W. Ladborough, Mr. Gordon Lennox, Mr. J. Lawrence, Mr. Alec Lockwood, Mr. Knyvett Romer-Lee, Mr. Charles MacMuller, Mr. Hugo Maynell, Mr. Harry Morrison, Mr. Hion Merry, Mr. Hampden Massey, Mr. E. W. Malot, Mr. Michael Menzies, Mr. Sebag Montifiore, Mr. Collin Malcolm, Mr. David McCall, Mr. David Mure, Mr. Malcolmson, Mr. George Montague, Mr. Evan Macpherson, Mr. Ian Murray, Mr. M. Louis Micheli, Mr. Dennis Madden, Mr. Nigel Mordant, Mr. Robin Mayhew, Mr. Hugo Meynell, Mr. Peter Miller, Mr. John Nebbitt, Mr. Nesbit Waddington, Mr. Vernon Neilson, Mr. Charles Northern, Mr. Auriel Oaselee, Mr. Rory O'Ferrall, Mr. Orme, Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, Mr. Eric Pilkington, Mr. Maurice Pryor, Mr. Robert Peel, Mr. Kenneth Post, Mr. P. Peake, Mr. Mordent Pemberton, Mr. Pilkington, Mr. John Pepys, Mr. Cyril Heper Percy, Wing-Commr. Peck, Mr. David Reid, Mr. Anthony Robart, Mr. Ernest de Rougemont, Mr. David Rogers, Mr. John Roberts, Mr. Alan Russell, Mr. Cyril Roberts, Mr. Stouton Starkey, Mr. M. Stockdale, Mr. Stephen Villiers-Smith, Mr. William Sidney, Mr. Harry Stanley, Rear-Admiral Arthur Stopford, Mr. Eric Savill, Mr. Michael Speir, Mr. Stanton Starkey, Mr. T. Steele, Mr. Eric Martin-Smith, Mr. Fred Stanley, Mr. Guy Scott, Mr. H. Sheepshanks, Lord Selby, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Douglas Scott, Mr. James Simpson, Mr. W. Abel Smith, Mr. Edmund Stockdale, Mr. R. S. Schreiber, Mr. A. R. C. Southby, Mr. Maurice Symington. Captain J. S. Smith, Mr. James Senior, Mr. R. Moore-Stevens, Mr. M. Streatfield, Mr. Dennis Stuckey, Mr. E. Tremlete, Mr. Thynne, Mr. Dennis Tweed, Mr. Peter Tufton, Mr. Tomkin, Captain Treadwell, Mr. David Tennant, Mr. Geoffrey Todd, Mr. Rupert Tollemache, Mr. Ronald Tritten, Mr. R. A. G. Tilney, Mr. Jack Thursby, Mr. S. Vernon, Mr. Anthony Vickers, Mr. Alistair Villers, Mr. Henry Ward, Captain C. H. Waring, Mr. W. Waterfield, Mr. Miles de Wacherfelt, Mr. T. Whittaker, Mr. E. S. Ward, Mr. Peter Webster, Mr. Michael Ward, Lord Waleran, Mr. Terrence Weldon, Mr. Kenneth Wagg, Mr. Humphrey Waterfield, Mr. James Waterlow, Mr. Peter Willis, Mr. Aubrey Graham Wigan, Mr. John Yeatman, and Mr. Miles de Zoste.

I know it is a shame to leave out the girls. But, as you see, I have not got the space. But I tell you what I will do. I will give you a selection of new blood from the list:

Miss Betsan Horlick, Miss Alison Campbell, Miss Joyce Pilkington, Miss Rachel Pilkington, Miss Rose Stern, Miss Pamela Ismay, Miss Ann Coats, Miss Ann Vesey, Miss Doreen Pollard, Miss Penny Portman, Miss Liz Darrel, Miss Pooh Paget, Miss Anita Leslie, Miss Dorothy Hyson, Miss Margaret Whigham, Lady Bridgett Poulett, Miss Sheila Berry, Miss Bridget Arkwright, Miss Anne Tritton, Miss Joan Poole, Miss Irene Mann Thompson, Miss Baba Beaton, Miss Karen Harris, Miss Priscella Weigal, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Miss Dulcia Mocatta, Miss Geraldine Ewart, Miss Nicka Rothschild, Miss Rosemary Robertson, Miss Margaret Dinson, Miss Lee Dinson, Miss Pamela Ponder, Lady Anne Wellesley, Miss Joan Rigott-Brown, Miss Sheila Foster, Miss Betty Cockayne, Miss Averil Streatfield, Miss Pamela Nicholl, Miss Betty Shaughnessy, Miss Stella Burn, Miss Katherine Horlick, Miss Rosamund Hornby, Miss Rose Bingham, Miss Anne Faudel-Phillips, Miss Joycelin Wingfield, Miss Patricia Villiers-Stewart, Miss Christobel More-Molyneux, Miss Peggy Chandos Pole, Miss Bridget Crown, Miss Clan Davidson, Miss Ann Savill, Miss Violet de Worms, Miss Flora Fermer-Haslet, Miss Claudia Crichton-Stewart, Miss Rosemary Glyn, Miss Georgina Pelham-Clinton, Miss Margarite Leonard, Miss Weirweiller, Miss Joan Miller, Miss Myrtle Van de Weyer, Miss Barbara Graham-Hutchison, Miss Nan McGowan, Miss Noel Orr, Miss Ann Lloyd, Miss Daphne Alston, Lady Diana Wellesley, Miss Rosemary Pilkington, Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Sarah Vanneck, Miss Anne Garland, Miss Jean Longden, Miss Rosemary Hall-Walker, Miss Marjorie Raphael, Miss Elizabeth Clifton-Brown, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, Miss Horner, Miss Dodie Baker, Miss Gayner Denison-Pender, Miss Gwendred Cunliffe, Miss Peggy Cartwright, Miss Iris Ashly, Miss Cecilia Hore-Ruthven, Miss Primrose Gordon, Miss Betty MacCall, Miss Susan Hambro, Miss Averil Lloyd, Miss Diana Blair, Miss Patsy Moore, Miss Anglia du Boulay, Miss Diana Hoare, Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore, and Miss Sylvia Regis de Olivera.

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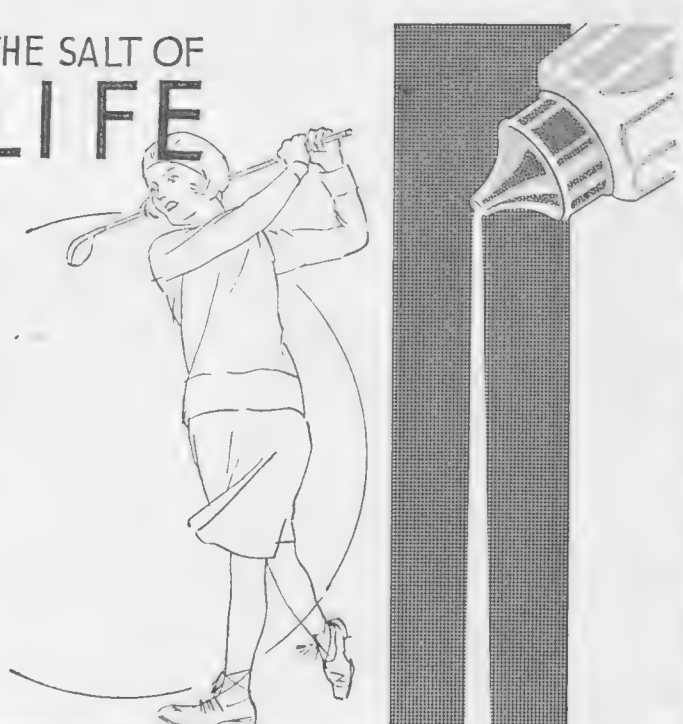

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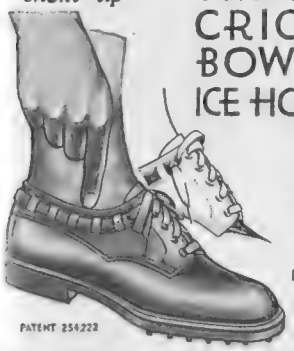

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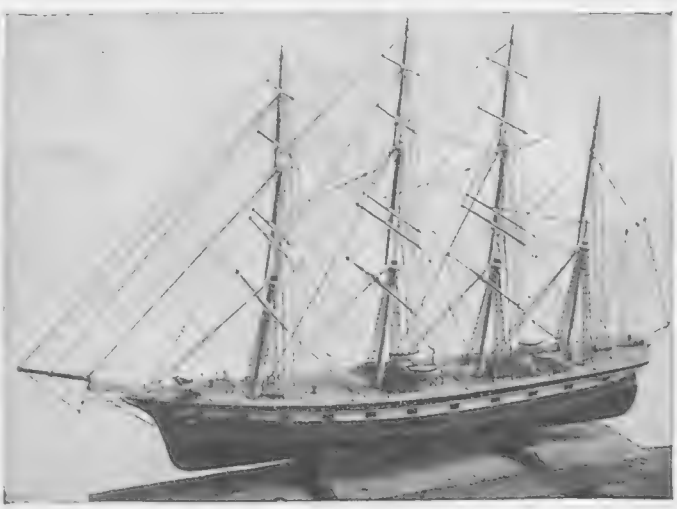

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Summer Season at Monte Carlo

"The play will take place upon the sea"—this is the phrase chosen to describe the newest and most attractive feature of the summer season of this year at Monte Carlo. M. Jean le Seyeux is preparing a series of fêtes at the Sea Theatre on the Enchanted Isle, starting on July 1 with *Les Nuits Romantiques*, and continuing until Sept. 15, with a different spectacle each week. Leo Staats, of the Opera, is in charge of the choreography, and the ballets will include classic and modern dancing; some of the dancers are expert swimmers and divers, as the spectacles are in, as well as on, the water.

To Wimbledon by Car

Tennis enthusiasts are now looking forward to the big fortnight of their year, when the Lawn-Tennis Championships are played at Wimbledon from June 20 to July 2. Those who go to Wimbledon by car will be interested to know that the Automobile Association will again be in charge of the official car parks. There are one reserved and three unreserved parks, with accommodation for over 2000 cars and motor-cycles, in charge of which will be experienced A.A. patrols. Extensive alterations have been made since last year, to ensure greater convenience in entering and leaving the parks.

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Further information as to prices and routes can be obtained from the Secretary of the A.A., Fanum House, New Coventry Street, W.1.

The Gramophone in June

There is still "Rain on the Roof," even though June is here, and it is when he hears that "silver chatter," disguising what should be a fine summer evening, that the gramophone devotee turns his thoughts to the new records of the month. Amongst these he will certainly consider the Male Voice Chorus production, "Watchman, What of the Night?" (backed by "The Moon hath raised her Lamp"), Mark Hambourg's performance of Liszt's famous "Consolation in D flat," which is paired with his rendering of Bach's "My Heart ever Faithful," both on H.M.V. records. The same Company have also brought out selections from *The Miracle*, played by the London Symphony Orchestra and conducted by Einar Nilson, who conducts so finely in the theatre.

Under the heading, "Light Music," will be found two songs from *The Dubarry*, "I Give My Heart," sung by Winnie Melville, and "If I am Dreaming," by Derek Oldham; two organ novelties, "Chopsticks" and "Old Folks at Home and Abroad," played by Kevin Buckley; and "Speak to Me of Love" and "Poem" by the broadcasting favourites, Tom Jones and his Orchestra.

Jack and Claude Hulbert have produced their amusing and typical "Modern Colour Poems," and, finally, the June list of purchases may be completed by a selection from the many new H.M.V. dance records.

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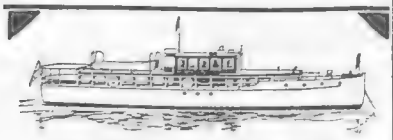

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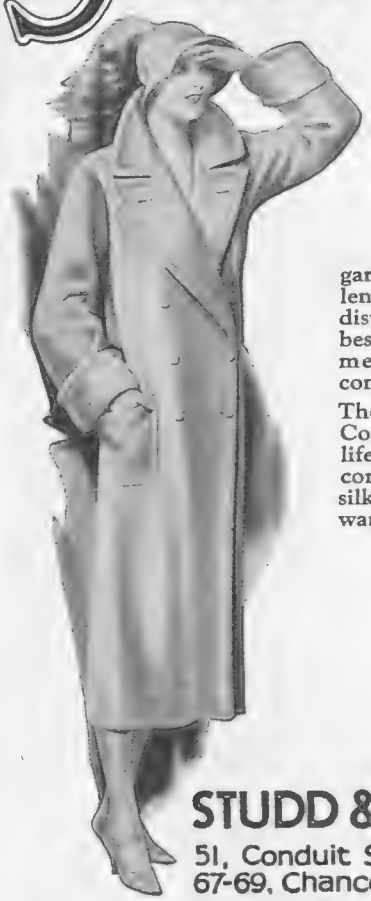

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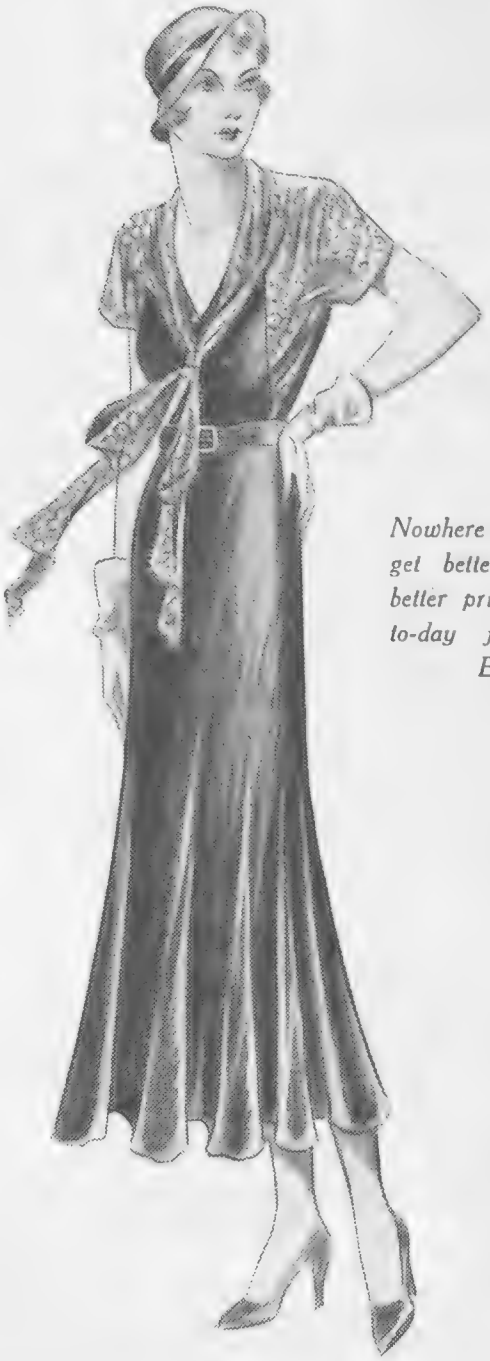

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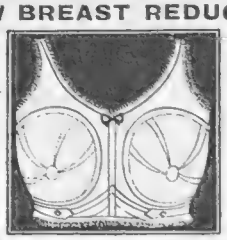

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" Anything to declare ? "

Mrs. Markham looked at the abrupt, tired-eyed official and smiled genially.

" No. . . . I've no other luggage," she glanced politely at the tariff list. " No, nothing to declare.'

The man bent down, chalk gleaming palely in his hands. Mrs. Markham's heart gave a triumphant leap—only to sink with a leaden thud. Another official came to a dead level with her still opened suit-cases, shot a keen look at them, then appraised her from head to foot and said brusquely

" Mrs. Markham : Kindly step this way, Madam." . . .

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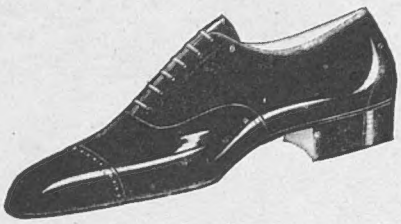

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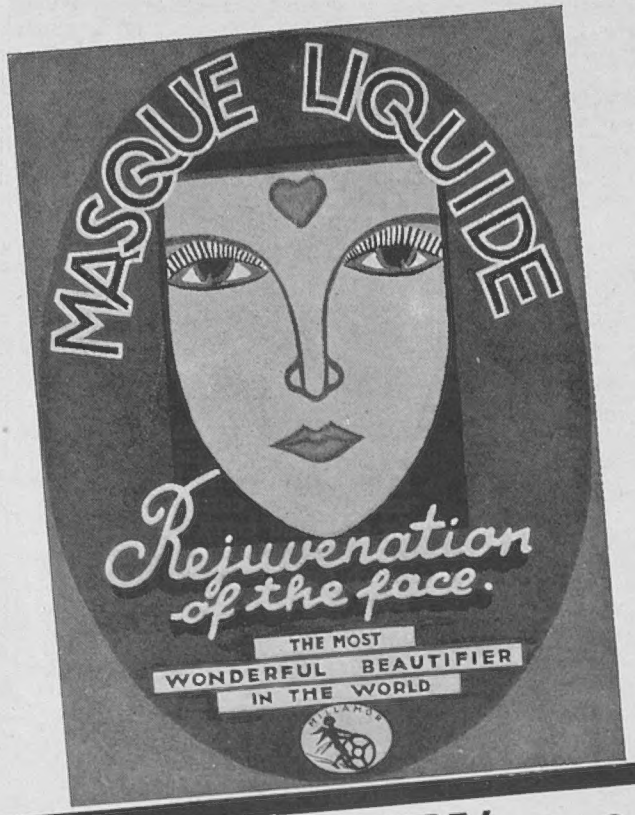

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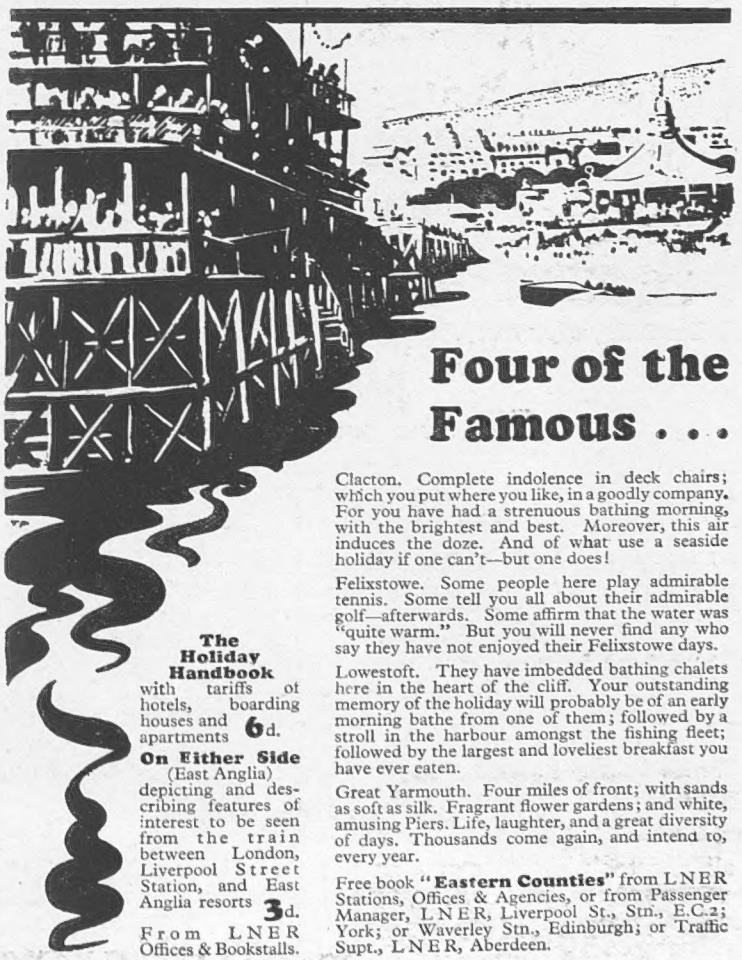

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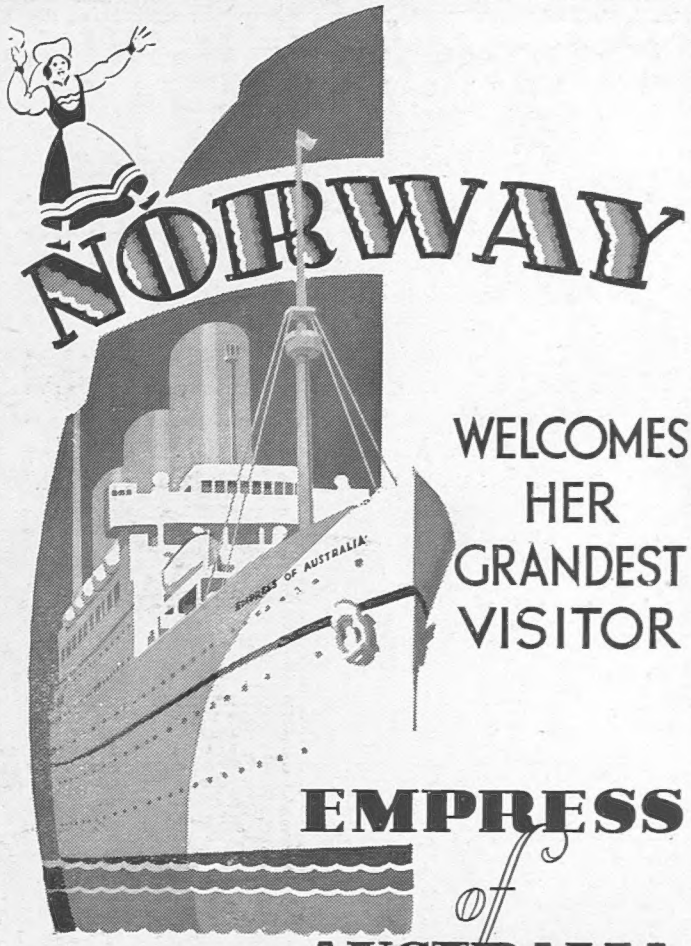

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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Difficulties were smoothed out

1844:—"To-day there has been a distressing sequel to Ld George's[1] difference wth Ye Squire[2] concerning ye running of Rush[3] last September, tho by cleverness Anson[4] was able to bring it, after all, to a happy end. At 6 this morning Ld G fought Ye Squire in a duel at Wormwood Scrubs (and Ld G never having held a pistol before). And but for Anson contriving to make Osbaldeston shoot hurriedly, Ld G must doubtless have been killed. As it be, I hear wth relief that he has sustained nought but a hole in his hat."

1. Lord George Bentinck.
2. Mr. Osbaldeston, usually known as The Squire.
3. A horse belonging to Osbaldeston, which at Heaton Park in 1843 was unplaced one day and won easily the next.
4. Colonel Anson, who acted as Lord George's second in this duel.

Sir Edward: "A near squeak for His Lordship, apparently."

Lady Angela: "But what a gruesome way of settling things. And at 6 o'clock in the morning, too. I'd never touch racing again if there was any danger of *my* having to get up at that hour."

Sir Edward: "Nonsense, my dear. It would usually coincide conveniently with your return home."

Lady Angela: "Indeed? I should like to know when I last succeeded in keeping you awake after two. But incidentally, this duelling business reminds me of Monty's latest grouch."

Sir Edward: "What was that? His horse running the wrong way round the course?"

Lady Angela: "No, he backed a winner all right—Porous, at elevens—but I saw him two days later and he told me his greatest desire in life was to shoot his bookie!"

Sir Edward: "Gracious! I suppose you emptied your glass over his cartridges and called out the Army?"

Lady Angela: "Not exactly. I soothed him with my maidenly sweetness and found out what his trouble was. It seems the race didn't start till 3.49, and he wired from the course at 3.47. But as the *advertised* time of starting was 3.45 his bookie said he wasn't on. You can't blame Monty—I'd have been livid, too."

Sir Edward: "But that kind of thing couldn't happen if . . ."

Lady Angela: "Exactly. I told him all, and took him along to 'Duggie.' No, he won't have any more difficulties now. So you see, Ted darling, I've guided *another* man to one of the good things of life!"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2